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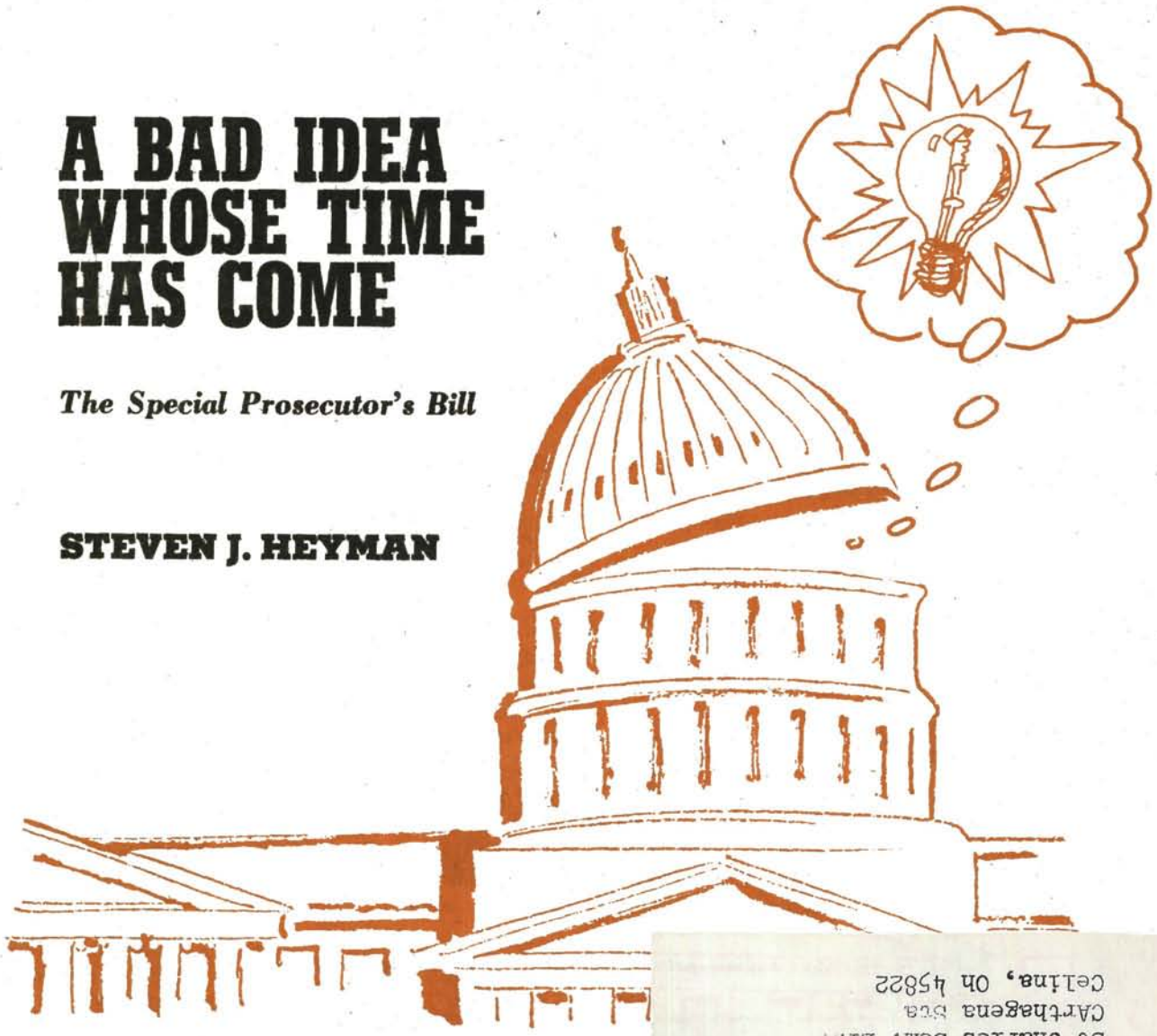
THE CASE OF ALGER HISS=ZZZzzzz • BRITAIN'S THIRD OPTION
RICHARD NIXON'S BOOK AND HIS MAULING • MIGRANT WORKERS
'HOLOCAUST' AS DOCU=DRAMA • CHARLIE CHAPLIN, LADY KILLER
MADELEINE L'ENGLE: WE OF THE BROKEN BODY

A BAD IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME

The Special Prosecutor's Bill

STEVEN J. HEYMAN



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NEWS & VIEWS

Sickle and Cross

A fascinating turn in church-state relations in Eastern Europe is detected by *The Economist* of London: Communist governments wooing those whom they once fiercely oppressed.

In East Germany, it notes, the Honecker regime has offered the Protestant churches religious program time on radio and TV, pensions for the clergy, and financial help for the 1983 celebrations of the 500th anniversary of Luther's birth.

In Poland, government officials are holding out the possibility of cooperation between the state and the Catholic Church in "mutual tolerance and respect for each other's principles."

In Hungary, stiff sentences were meted out to a group of rowdies who disrupted a Catholic service. These sentences were given "enthusiastic official publicity," a fact probably connected, in *The Economist*'s opinion, with reports that Hungary may be about to establish diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

Why this sudden concern for the churches on the part of the regimes?

It's a political calculation rather than a sudden conversion to liberal tolerance, says *The Economist*. "Communist politicians want to prevent the churches, the only remaining independent organizations in Eastern Europe, from becoming vehicles of future dissident campaigns . . . Concessions to the churches could be an inducement to their leaders to keep the lid on."

Also, *The Economist* adds, the regimes may be searching for a replacement for their policy of "consumerism." Since the 1970s, their promises of better living standards have turned sour; the worldwide recession has hit Communist countries quite hard, and growth has slowed.

The resulting disenchantment makes it desirable, says *The Economist*, for the regimes to get the help of the churches, since these command the loyalty of Eastern Europe's still large numbers of Christians.

Taking Poland as an example, the journal cited the advantage to the regime of someone else other than party apparatchiks urging the people to work harder and not be too impatient for the good material life.

The advantages to the churches in this new situation are obvious. They range from a less harassed existence for believers to the possibility for the churches of filling with Christian ideas the moral vacuum of what *The Economist* sees as "the gradual decline of communist ideology."

But let the church be wary, says *The Economist*. "In one sense, they have done well out of the hard years under Communism since 1945. The full churches in most of Eastern Europe, compared with the empty ones almost everywhere in Western Europe, are no accident. By holding out as a beleaguered but defiant alternative center of spiritual authority, they have drawn people to them. That attraction could fade, particularly among the young, if the churches now leap too expediently into concordats with the East Europe regimes."

The churches, in other words, must continue to make clear that they stand for something different from the governments.

That, *The Economist* wraps up, might even serve as a useful lesson to churchmen in the West who fall prey to the temptations of overpolitization, and end up rendering unto Caesar too much.

Chiller Theater

There were bizarre goings-on at that trial in West Germany of the two priests charged with negligent homicide in the death of a 23-year-old woman who died of undernourishment and dehydration after several months of exorcism [News & Views, 8/19/77].

A nun reported to authorities that she had had a vision that the body of the victim, Anneliese Michel, was miraculously preserved intact in the grave a year-and-a-half after death.

The parents of the woman, co-defendants in the case, demanded that the body be exhumed. It was, before a few hundred curious spectators. No "miracle" had taken place; Anneliese Michel's body was "normally decayed."

The trial proceeded. The two priests and the parents were convicted and given suspended prison sentences.

Anneliese, medical experts testified, suffered not from demons but from epilepsy and the psychological effects of her fiercely religious upbringing.

Daily World/LNS

Deleninizing

Observers of Eurocommunism have noted, with some cynicism, the manner in which Communist parties have revised their belief in centralized, authoritarian control—by unanimous vote! It seemed a suspiciously Stalinist way to reject Stalinism. This judgment might be tempered, of course, by observing most votes at American trade union conventions or corporation stockholder meetings. In any case, we note for the record that on April 21 the Spanish Communist party decided no longer to call itself "Leninist." The decision came after two days of debate at a party convention. The vote was 928 to 248 with 40 abstentions.

Odds and Ends

—Our annual *No Catholics-Killed-in-Oklahoma-Tornado* Award, to Religious News Service for its April 19 story, 'BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIAN' PLACES SECOND IN BOSTON MARATHON.

— The *Columbia Journalism Review*, in its May-June issue, joshes the *Fort Worth Tribune* for its headline, HE FOUND GOD AT THE END OF HIS ROPE.

— And *The New Yorker* for May 8 continues its inquiry into the state of the priesthood with this snippet from *The News*: "Slowly the camera moves upward to take in the whole of him—tired, bearded, in a worn priest's hassock, describing how 'this is the time of day I always hear them.' " Comments *The New Yorker*: "The springs in those old hassocks always start squeaking around noon." Or just after the afternoon nap.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Chesterton

Rochester, N.Y.

To the Editors: George Bernard Shaw called Chesterton a "colossal genius." Paul Claudel praised his "triumphant common sense" and his "joyous acclaim of the splendour and powers of the soul." Father Ronald Knox called him "one of the very greatest men of his time." When being awarded an honorary doctoral degree by the University of Notre Dame, he was referred to as a "defender of the Christian tradition, whose keen mind, right heart, and versatile literary genius have been valiantly devoted to eternal truth, goodness and beauty, in literature and in life." Pope Pius XI called Chesterton a devoted son of the Holy Church and a gifted defender of the Faith. Now your reviewer [March 17] calls him simplistic, incoherent, silly, prejudiced, banal, unrealistic, and ineffective. Because Jeffrey Meyers's review of Margaret Canovan's book is so unbelievably bad, a refutation of it is in order.

According to Mr. Meyers, Dr. Canovan concedes that GKC's thoughts are "conveyed by tedious paradox." But on page 21, Canovan states explicitly that "Very often . . . his paradoxical statements really do bring out a neglected truth." And on page 48 she explains that GKC's writings give the impression not so much of logically developed arguments but of a particular way of seeing the human condition and showing it to others. "The parables, the jokes, and the paradoxes play an essential part in this, and are not merely frivolities decorating an essentially independent argument."

Mr. Meyers states that Chesterton's populism was based on an "impractical social ideal of a self-governing peasant nation which would recreate his vision (inherited from William Morris) of the Merrie England that had been destroyed by Protestant capitalism." This is simply false, both in relation to

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PEACE FOR IRELAND

If there is any small mitigating detail to the Troubles in Ireland, it is that the crisis there, if not absolutely self-contained, is not open-ended in the manner of crises in some other parts of the world. No East-West ideology is at issue, at least not in substantive degree; no Third World-First World tension; no crucial stretch of geography. The Troubles could go on for as many years into the future as they extend back into the past, or they could be settled tomorrow in any of several ways, and the world would continue in its orbit with no particular reordering of national, political or economic alignments. It's a "luxury" crisis in a sense.

The problem with limited crises such as Ireland's is that parties in a position to contribute to a settlement of contentions—in this instance Washington and members of the European community of nations—tend to look to more urgent crisis points, where the threat to international peace is more immediate, the stakes larger. The Middle East, for instance; the Horn of Africa; southern Africa. After all, haven't there been Troubles of one sort or another in Ireland for 400 years, for 60 years, for 10 years, depending on the length of one's historical perspective? If the Irish insist on fighting, well let them.

This last is a particularly cynical attitude, and unfortunately not an uncommon one. For the tragedy is that injustices exist and people continue to die—more than 1,900 alone since 1969 and the Bogside riots. As often as not they are the most innocent of victims: women in department stores, children at play, men at their leisure—Protestants and Catholics. The tragedy is compounded by the fact that often they die as a result of bombs

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and guns bought with money that contributors, Americans in the main, thought was going for foods, medicine and other relief.

Effective remonstrations by the Irish government and more recently by a prominent group of American politicians—notably Senators Kennedy and Moynihan, Representative O'Neill and New York's Governor Carey—have called attention to the principal partisan organization suspected of converting contributions to arms, the Northern Irish Aid Committee (NORAID), and this has diminished the funds that flowed to it. Two years ago, an estimated million dollars moved into Ireland, much of it for ammunition; last year this sum was down to $150,000.

At the same time, much of the steam seems to have gone out of Representative Mario Biaggi's mischievous Ad Hoc Congressional Committee for Irish Affairs, claimed by the Irish National Caucus as an organizational victory for itself, and said to number anywhere from 87 to 104 of Biaggi's colleagues. Unhappily, the Caucus "has been closely associated with the cause of violence in Northern Ireland," according to Irish Prime Minister Lynch, who should know. Circulation of that news helped reduce a recent meeting of the Ad Hoc Committee to three persons.

Yet though there are these gains, there is, as Desmond Fisher observes elsewhere in these pages, a political stagnation so far as a resolution of the current Troubles is concerned. There is a proposal for a federal solution being advanced by Northern Ireland's John Hume, one that would enable the North to rule itself within a federal Ireland. However, intriguing as its chances may be, it is likely that the cause of peace in Ireland still needs impetus from beyond the contending parties, including Britain, for peace to become a reality. In this context the visit of Prime Minister Lynch to the United Nations for the Special Session on Disarmament takes on added importance. While in the United States, Lynch is expected to meet with U.S. policy-makers. Because of the unique influence which the United States has on Irish and British affairs, it is to be hoped that Lynch will succeed in involving official American interest more directly and effectively on the side of peace in Ireland, although the case can be made that friendly European nations could do more to help settle problems. In any case, Washington's position to date has been remarkably dispassionate.

Meanwhile, in the absence of political movement, are there ways that individuals can promote the furtherance of reconciliation in Ireland? There are. Let them forget NORAID, and let them think instead of The Ireland Fund (40 Sheraton Circle, White Plains, N.Y.); Ireland's Children (25 Oriole Ave., Bronxville, N.Y.); and the Interchurch Emergency Fund for Ireland (90 Botanic Ave., Belfast BT7 IJN, Northern Ireland).

NEXT ISSUE

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WASHINGTON REPORT

CROOK BOOKS: VOL. VI

By my count, there are now six, count 'em, six, books by crooks to come out of Watergate, with the sixth now on the stands and ready for the best-seller status that must be assured to Supercrook himself, Richard M. Nixon, or *RN* as he styles himself in the title. That's an extremely conservative count. Not only does it not include the Watergate entries by good guys like Leon Jaworski or Jim Doyle, it does not include the offerings of such peripherals or semi-accessories before, during and after as Spiro Agnew, whose crookedness was classic Maryland, not romantic California, Gerald Ford, who was obviously told nothing except that RN was pure as the driven snow and whose pardon of the master criminal is not a crime until it can be proved that he did it in return for the succession, or William Safire, who, we must believe, really didn't know what went on upstairs while he was playing the piano in the parlor, although, now that he has won a Pulitzer prize for being a nattering nabob of negativism, it would be nice if he would find an occasion to withdraw that phrase or to explain that it's OK to natter against relatively honest Presidents, like Carter, but bad to do so against all-out crooks, like Nixon. (On the other hand, Safire's acceptance of the prize under those circumstances is a perfect echo of Henry Kissinger's acceptance of the Nobel under similar ones: the Nobel was for peace and Kissinger had done more for war than any man of his generation: so that echo ties Safire to Kissinger, whom he seems

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to detest, proving again that working for Nixon is its own punishment.)

On to Volume Six of Crook Books. What follows is based on what has appeared in the *New York Times*, which we may take to be as juicy cuts as the owners of the rights could find in what seem to be the mostly bland, non-revealing, totally self-serving pages. The excerpts opened with Nixon smelling coffee on Biscayne Bay and laughing off reports of the Watergate burglary as some sort of prank. It only became a third-rate burglary later. Nixon here subscribes to the basic theory adopted by the Nixon Justice Department in handling the case: Howard Hunt and his "former" fellow CIA spook, McCord, were having a reunion dinner with the Bay of Pigs crowd at the Virginia Avenue Howard Johnson's (working for Nixon is its own punishment) and when the deep-fried rubber bands had all been cleaned up, it seemed too early to break up the party. Reaching the street, they saw Watergate looming ahead of them and said, "Hey, wouldn't it be fun to break into Democratic National Headquarters and bug the place?" No sooner said than done and the rest is history. It is only RN, however, and his former Justice Department, who would seriously think that version of what preceded the break-in is history, too. It was fairly barefaced for the Nixon Justice Department to try to run the thing that way; after all we have learned since, it is absurd for Nixon to do so. It continues to be unfortunate that the overwhelming weight of all the Watergate inquiries shifted onto the cover-up. The burglary itself has never been thoroughly investigated by any official body beyond the fact that it took place. We still don't know why it took place and apparently the one burglar utterly loyal to the criminals' code, Gordon Liddy, is the one link between the respectables in the White House and the footpads and desperados with the dark lanterns and crepe soles in the Watergate. In short, all that cover-up stuff about raising the million and dropping off the cash at the scenic overlook above the Potomac not only took place, it worked. The cover-up itself has been uncovered and some of its principal architects brought to some degree of justice and allowed to make their fortunes on it, but that which the cover-up covered up remains to this day cozily under the blankets. What the hell *was* Nixon after in the burglary? Will we ever know?

In answering one of the big questions about the whole sordid affair, Nixon says that he preserved the tapes instead of burning them to have evidence against the lies he confidently expected would be told by his associates and employees. Also, of course, no court in the country had ever before made a President yield papers he didn't want to and so on in that style for some paragraphs. He was right about his fellow liars being ready to lie against him as they had lied with him against everyone in sight. One overall conclusion to be reached from the Crook Books to date is that every author believes every other author is a liar and they are all correct.

It does seem perfectly clear, however, that Nixon made the tapes in the first place and kept them in the second primarily because he wanted to make money out of them and he is certainly doing so. Against the spectacle of all the liars lying against one another, it is edifying to note the recent decision of the Nixon-appointed Supreme Court to save what could be saved of their Creator's interest in the tapes by interpreting a congressional law saying the tapes should be generally available as meaning that they should not. That's the kind of gratitude you don't get from Dean, Haldeman, or Erlichman—or from Nixon, for that matter.

In affairs larger than those of which crooks get what percent of the loot, what percent of the blame, the head crook made two interesting claims as regards the awful effects upon world affairs of some small measure of justice being done.

First, he said that while Henry Kissinger, the famed Mad Bomber, was seeking peace in the Middle East, his peace-seeking efforts were hampered by the fact that the President he worked for was under "political attack." The President Kissinger worked for was not under "political attack" of any kind. He was under the presidential equivalent of criminal prosecution and the reason he was under such equivalent criminal prosecution was that he had committed a whole series of criminal acts, from initiating—at whatever sanitary remove—the original Watergate break-in to buying time and silence from Howard Hunt and his fellow-desperados to attempting to sell the office of Director of the FBI to a California judge for the price of ruling in favor of White House burglars against citizens being burglarized and on to the total subversion of the Republic. The famed "shuttle diplomacy" hawked by Nixon here did not bring on peace in the Middle East. What brought on the semblance of the shadow of the beginning of what might be peace in the Middle East was the overdue perception by Sadat that Egypt could no longer afford war in the Middle East. Kissinger has nothing to do with it. Reality somehow broke through and that was the last thing being preached by the Mad Bomber, Eager Eavesdropper and Big Burglar.

Elsewhere in foreign relations, Nixon whines that he was rendered unable to deal with the foes of détente by the hullabaloo kicked up by the rotten political opponents of Watergate, those rats who thought the government was not supposed to burglarize the homes and offices of citizens, open their mail, tap their phones, all the other things that the Nixon team assumed were the prerogatives, even the duties, of any good government. Those people's irrational opposition to being burglarized, bugged, or bombed by Nixon-Kissinger weakened RN's position with the Russians about détente. The anti-détentists, apparently, said, roughly. Well, you are being

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held for downs on burglary and bugging, why should we listen to you on détente?

Wrong again, or, more accurately, another bunch of self-serving lies. The opposition to détente in this country was not affected by Watergate. The basic opposition to détente had been assiduously built up and hardened by—guess whom?—Richard Nixon, over the years. He began his career by crying, The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming, Jerry Voorhis believes in medical insurance, Helen Gahagan Douglas wears pink underwear, all the Russians understand is force and then more force, for God's sake don't talk to them as if they were human, put your faith in arms, let us rouse the captive nations to revolt and so on and so on in the same manner up to but not including any least United States commitment to help the rebellion of the enslaved nations. Simple folk inflamed by such Nixonian rhetoric over decades were and are opposed to détente or any rational consideration of the Russians Nixon taught them to think of as devils.

He lies now as he has always lied and his lies now contradicting his lies past do not make truth but only more lies.

FRANK GETLEIN

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FROM IRELAND

BRITAIN'S THIRD OPTION

Politicians in the Irish Republic have taken refuge in a well-recognized device for covering up political stagnation with the appearance of progress—appoint a committee to examine the matter. The three main parties in the Republic—Fianna Fáil (back in government since June 1977), Fine Gael and Labor—have appointed study groups to examine all the implications of Irish unity.

The cynic will point out that the Northern Ireland problem has been in the forefront of politics in the Republic since the island was partitioned in 1922 and will suggest that little new can emerge from such study groups now. This would be a little unfair. In the first place, a new look at the problem can do no harm. Too often, policies are represented by half-baked slogans and emotion has replaced rational argument. Secondly, no progress can be made on Northern Ireland unless the British government wants it. And, at present, Mr. Callaghan does not want to stir up the Northern Ireland pot while he is contemplating going to the country in a critical election later this year or early in 1979.

But, most importantly, the new studies by the Republic's political parties are justified by a call from Mr. John Hume, deputy leader of the Northern Ireland SDLP and the most serious thinker on the whole Irish question. Early in February, Mr. Hume spelled out a whole new dimension of thinking when he called on all concerned—the British government, the Northern Ireland Unionists and the political parties in the Republic—to consider a federal solution. He was careful not to spell out his own ideas too elaborately: they have not yet been adopted by the SDLP and the idea has not been considered at any great depth before.

Mr. Hume's assessment of the present position was put forward in an interview with the *Irish Times*. He suggested that the British government had three options. It could hold to its present position of maintaining the union between Britain and Northern Ireland as long as a majority in Northern Ireland wanted it, a policy which had not produced peace, stability, or justice. As a second option, it could make a declaration of intent to withdraw, risking a violent loyalist backlash if it were implemented. Thirdly, it could declare its objective of bringing together both Irish traditions in reconciliation and agreement, which would be to bring them together in unity.

"We believe that this should be the basis of British policy now, instead of the maintenance of the union," Mr. Hume said. "They should commit all their resources, all their powers of persuasion, towards that end in the same way as they have committed all their resources in the past to maintaining the union."

Failure by the Irish political parties in the past to spell out the meaning of unity—or their concept or vision of it—meant that loyalists had easily been able to interpret it as something the Protestant people of the North ought to be afraid of, something which would trample on their rights and coerce them into a hostile state. Unity had been portrayed as the conquest of the Northern Protestant, as wiping out his rights, as creating one uniform state in which the Protestant is dominated by the Catholic Church.

In tentatively suggesting a federal arrangement as one form of an agreed Ireland, Mr. Hume said this would be a form of power-sharing. It would enable the North to rule itself within a federal Ireland, thus enabling the Northern people to protect themselves in areas where they felt they needed protection and would also allow full-scale cooperation and partnership between both Irish traditions. Mr. Hume supported his argument by pointing to the results of a recent public

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opinion poll in Northern Ireland. This showed that 62 percent of the population in the area favor a special relationship with the Republic. Even among Protestants, support for the idea was 47 percent.

Mr. Hume's call on the Republic's political parties for new thinking in what they meant by unity was eagerly seized on. Dr. Garret FitzGerald, leader of Fine Gael, the second biggest of the parties, immediately announced a major review of its Northern Ireland policy. The objective would be to achieve a solution which would enable the Irish people to govern themselves without any involvement by Great Britain in Irish affairs.

Fine Gael was the senior partner (with the Labor Party) in the ill-fated coalition government which was massacred at the June 1977 general election, in which Fianna Fail won 84 seats, giving them a 20-seat overall majority, the biggest ever in Irish political history. Dr. FitzGerald was obviously using Mr. Hume's call as an excuse for a radical re-think of Northern policy, which would distance his party from the philosophy of Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, a leading policy-maker on Northern Ireland in the coalition cabinet. Dr. O'Brien's own Labor Party leader, Mr. Frank Cluskey, also used Mr. Hume's call to announce that the party's administrative council would be asked to re-examine its Northern policy.

Finally, Mr. Jack Lynch, leader of Fianna Fail, joined the race for a seat on the Hume bandwagon. He told the Fianna Fail annual conference on February 18 that he proposes to set up a study group, representing North and South, to examine the civil rights, legal and constitutional implications of Irish unity, including a possible federal arrangement, adding "and this is nothing new: we have discussed it for many years." So now all the main parties are committed to a rethinking of their Northern Ireland policies and while this is going on and in the absence of a British initiative in the pre-election period, a period of political inactivity is inevitable, leaving a dangerous vacuum which the Provisional IRA and the loyalist paramilitaries look like filling.

Mr. Lynch used his most abusive language ever to condemn the Provisionals for their "savagery" and "mindless bestiality" and the conference stood for a minute's silence in remembrance of the people killed and injured in the County Down restaurant bombing. Mr. Lynch had nice things to say about President Carter whose initiatives on Northern Ireland last year he welcomed. He also cited Mr. "Tip" O'Neill, Governor Hugh Carey, Senators Ted Kennedy and Pat Moynihan and "the many other true friends of Ireland in American political and business life," thanking them for their support for the economic development of Ireland as a whole "and in encouraging Irish Americans to desist from contributing to doubtful organizations in the U.S.—like NORAID and the Irish National Caucus —whose activities are anathema to our party and our Government." Then he added bitterly: "If those who contribute believe their money goes to support widows or orphans, let me make it clear that it goes to make widows and orphans." Let us hope that more and more people will heed his words.

DESMOND FISHER

(*Desmond Fisher is* Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Ireland.*)

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BERNICE BUNN CHRISTMAN

NIGHT TRAIN

Across the country dark of miles
and houses asleep the swaying shadow
breathes grit through rattly lungs and shakes the
snow-coops on the grades. They tear,
flap loose tent back to moon and drift
until the echo on the rails
clicks tinnily of trestles over
a Kansas riverbed and a far Rocky
in mountain space changing soundtracks.

In a narrow gulch
as narrow as my bed
I listen what it says
what it says it says
it says it says of trains
of trains across the night.

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THE CASE OF ALGER HISS—ZZZZzzzz

PETER STEINFELS

It was perhaps inevitable, the final step in the regression of American politics to the 1950s: The political journals are again battling over Alger Hiss. Professor Weinstein, in nearly 700 pages of *Perjury: the Hiss-Chambers Case*, says that Hiss did it. Mr. Navasky takes the professor severely to task in *The Nation*, of which Mr. Navasky is the new editor. The professor replies, blow for blow, in *The New Republic*, whose editors also lecture Mr. Navasky sternly for the "intellectual spuriousness" of his criticism. Elsewhere, such lights as Garry Wills, Irving Howe, and John Kenneth Galbraith say Amen to Professor Weinstein's conclusion, but other critics are circling tenaciously, nipping a bit of flesh here and there, looking for a chance to expose the innards. The landscape is getting cluttered with phony Woodstock typewriters, Washington spy rings, missing War Department cables, hollowed-out pumpkins, and all the paraphernalia so beloved to Hiss-Chambers aficionados.

The full possibilities of this squabble are yet to be realized. Mr. Navasky, for example, protests that Professor Weinstein reads unfounded significance into the way Hungarian Communist Joszef Peters smiled while denying to Weinstein various espionage activities in Washington during the Thirties. Professor Weinstein says Mr. Navasky has committed an "egregious" misrepresentation of *Perjury*, which presents much collateral evidence of Chambers's and Peters's activities. Thus the important thing "was not Peters's smile alone, but rather his smile combined with his self-conscious and obvious lies." Meanwhile, *The Nation* has routed a correspondent to Budapest to investigate firsthand Joszef Peters's manner of smiling. The correspondent reports that Peters smiles a lot. Whether the correspondent himself smiles a lot is not known. Suspicion has it that Mr. Navasky, who once edited a humor magazine, smiles a lot. Look for it in *The New Republic*.

What is the real truth about the Hiss case? The real truth, if you don't mind my saying so, is that it's boring. More boring even than Patty Hearst, though probably not quite as boring as the Cyprus Question, which is my absolute yardstick in these matters. Maybe it's only my rationalization for laziness, but there is something about the accretion of detail in the Hiss case—or the Kennedy assassination, or Howard Hughes's link to Watergate—that persuades me the point has been missed. Did the Hisses' pediatrician spot Chambers leaving their home one dark and stormy night in 1937? Did so-and-so's ex-wife confirm that so-and-so did such-and-such, and was she just saying it out of spite? Against such details I employ what news editors know as the basic E.G.O. defense—Eyes Glaze Over. The Point, I feel confident, has long since slipped out of town, perhaps to join Joszef Peters in Budapest, smiling.

There are two sources for this fascination with the Hiss case. One is genetic; the other, symbolic. I once had a friend who spent a lot of time figuring out why Alger Hiss was innocent. Her twin sister spent an equal amount of time proving that Roosevelt purposely provoked Pearl Harbor. If either of them had been less political, they probably would have grown up to be devotees of the Bermuda Triangle or laetrile. I think all these people should mate, mixing both their genes and their theories: was that Whittaker Chambers on the grassy knoll in Dallas? Or was it Bigfoot?

A lot of symbolism was pumped into the Hiss case. Hiss represented the New Deal. Hiss represented the "best people," the Ivy League crowd with pin-stripes and pinko sympathies. Hiss represented the highbrow versus plain God-fearing folks—like Richard Nixon. Hiss represented the victim of anti-Communist hysteria, of HUAC and McCarthyism. Alistair Cooke, with one of those half-truths on which careers are built, referred to the Hiss case as a "generation on trial."

By now, most of the gas has been discharged. The balloon of symbolism has collapsed, leaving one man and a minor episode of espionage. Why today's furor? I think the reason is the decline in reading scores.

Is that clear?

Look at it this way. All the political journals are fighting for a shrinking readership. Mr. Navasky, a smart man, has decided that *The Nation* could win over *New Republic* readers who are restless with *The New Republic*'s effort to win over *Commentary* readers who are restless with *Commentary*'s effort to win over *National Review* readers who, thanks to liberal permissiveness and McGuffey's textbooks, are the only growing source of literates.

How, I ask myself, can *Commonweal* get in on the act? Since I have no difficulty in imagining that Hiss is guilty but considerable difficulty in imagining that he exists, perhaps this is the right tack: *Commonweal* could expose the entire Hiss case as a hoax, made up out of whole cloth by the *Harvard Lampoon* (remember Navasky's shady background in humor magazines) and then gone wildly out of control. Who would challenge this theory? After all, Chambers is dead (if there was a "Chambers"), and Hiss (if there was a "Hiss") will, as always, keep quiet. The only problem might be convincing readers that Richard Nixon never truly existed. But then again, judging by the recent memoirs published under "Nixon's" name, we might even get away with that.

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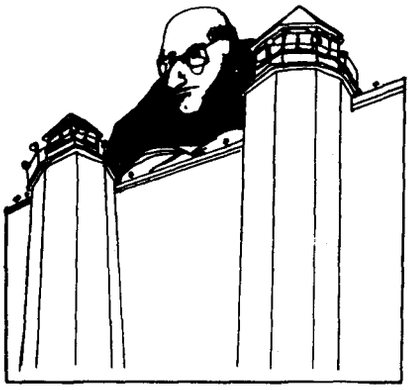
A BAD IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME

STEVEN J. HEYMAN



The Special Prosecutor Act of 1978

Responding to the threat of uncontrolled presidential power which culminated in the Nixon administration, Congress has reasserted many of its prerogatives, especially in the areas of war powers and federal spending. But Congress is now on the verge of effectively abdicating one of its most important responsibilities—the investigation of Executive misconduct and abuse of power. The House of Representatives will soon consider H.R. 9705, "The Special Prosecutor Act of 1978," which the Senate has passed in a similar form.

H.R. 9705 provides that whenever the Attorney General has evidence that the President, Vice President, certain present and former Executive officials, or the chairman of a presidential campaign has committed a crime involving abuse of federal office, election violations, obstruction of justice, or perjury, he must ask a special three-judge court to appoint a special prosecutor. A special prosecutor must also be appointed whenever—in the Attorney General's view—the President, the President's political party, or the Attorney General has such an interest in a case that it is inappropriate for the Justice Department to handle it. The special prosecutor could only be removed by the Attorney General for "extraordinary impropriety" or by impeachment. His appointment would not be made public unless the Attorney General or the court determined otherwise.

The bill's supporters advance several arguments for a "non-political" special prosecutor. First, they assert, Watergate and its cover-up showed how far the criminal process can be manipulated by the President for his own political ends. The influence of politics in the administration of justice is illegitimate and should be eliminated to the extent possible. Second, allowing the President to retain authority for prosecuting himself and his closest aides gives him an improper conflict of interest. Lastly, the public must be reassured that the rule of law treats high and low alike.

This view fails to understand the essential role of politics in restraining abuse of power. Public opinion sets the most basic limits on elective authority. In order to retain enough support to be effective or to gain reelection, an officeholder must observe a certain standard of conduct.

When the limits set by public opinion are transgressed, the answer lies in checks and balances—these, wrote James Madison in *The Federalist,* give to the members of each branch "the necessary constitutional means and personal motives to resist encroachments of others." The Constitution gives Congress the duty to expose offenses by high officials through the power of inquiry and impeachment.

Precisely because such offenses are committed by the most powerful figures in government, they cannot be dealt with by the ordinary criminal process. Great abuses of power threaten the political order itself, and they require a political response. Congress was given this function because it is the most representative institution, with both the political judgment and the power necessary to investigate great abuses and remove the offenders.

In this way the administration is held to account for the use of power. But the effectiveness of this process depends, as Madison stressed to the First Congress, on the President's having complete personal responsibility for his subordinates—only then can he be held ac-

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countable, both by Congress and the public, for their actions.

The Constitution intends, then, to make the President and Attorney General responsible for enforcing the law against subordinates; it deliberately gives them an interest in the outcome. The President has an interest in maintaining confidence in the integrity of his administration. If he fails to do so, he loses moral authority, risks impeachment, and opens the way for countervailing congressional and judicial power.

H.R. 9705, however, treats this constitutional connection of duties with "personal motives" as a conflict of interest. Its premise is that the President cannot be expected to enforce the law against subordinates. By relieving him of this responsibility and focusing attention on a special prosecutor instead, the bill would lessen the President's interest in restraining his aides' actions and make it easier for him to disclaim responsibility for their excesses.

At the same time, the bill would undermine congressional responsibility, by transferring much of its investigative function to a special prosecutor. Congress would often prefer to avoid political risks, acting only when forced to by public pressure. In both the Bert Lance case and the South Korean scandal, for example, there were calls for a special prosecutor—in the Korean affair, in fact, the Senate has voted in favor of appointing one. Yet in Lance's case the main question was not whether he had committed a crime or not, which is unclear, but whether he had been involved in improper conduct which made him unfit to hold public office—a question for Congress and the public, not for a prosecutor. In the Korean scandal what is primarily involved is not Executive misconduct but Congress' duty to keep its own house in order. In neither case was a special prosecutor appointed; Congress was forced to face its own responsibilities.

Misuse of the Judiciary

Requiring court appointment of a special prosecutor would also be a serious misuse of the judiciary. "There is and ought to be no active, prosecutorial power in the courts," warned the late Alexander Bickel. "The courts sit in judgment." They may in no way take responsibility for prosecution—least of all in political cases—without endangering their own independence.

There are numerous political questions a court of appointment would have to face. Should a Democrat be appointed to investigate a Republican administration, in order to convince everyone of the completeness of the inquiry? Cox and Jaworski, both Democrats, were appointed in part for that reason. Should a member of the President's own party be appointed, on the other hand, in order to show that the inquiry is not a "witch hunt"? The court would also have to decide whether or not a special prosecutor's appointment should be made public "in the best interests of justice"—an especially difficult question when an election is approaching. Each of these decisions requires a political judgment which a court cannot properly make.

A "non-political" special prosecutor is no more competent to make the political judgments he would face. This problem arose acutely when the Watergate Special Prosecutor had to consider indicting President Nixon, an act that in itself would have had grave political consequences. "We were a small group, . . . operating in a political vacuum," writes James Doyle, a top aide to Cox and Jaworski. "We could not depend, in Hamilton's phrase, on 'the restraints of public opinion.' In my opinion, we were in danger of becoming like the Nixon White House, an island whose inhabitants acted without relation to the world around them." Rather than risk that an indictment would force the President's resignation without a trial, Jaworski decided to send the evidence to the House Judiciary Committee.

Does the work of the Watergate Special Prosecutor really support H.R. 9705? His situation was essentially different from that of a special prosecutor appointed under this bill. The Watergate prosecutor's office was only part of a much broader congressional effort to investigate the scandal—not a substitute for it, as Congress has shown it regards the provisions of H.R. 9705. At that time Congress went ahead with its own investigations: it was the Senate Watergate Committee which first broke the case open, and the House Judiciary Committee which was able to bring about the President's resignation. The prosecutor's office was only secondary; it was the political process which was decisive.

Not only would the special prosecutor bill undermine presidential and congressional accountability, it would also create a new source of irresponsible authority—for it provides no effective checks to the power of a special prosecutor. It is unlikely that congressional oversight could prevent him from abusing his authority. Moreover, any interference by Congress vitiates the notion of a politically independent prosecutor. The special prosecutor would have to commit "extraordinary impropriety" indeed before an Attorney General would dare remove him. Thus the power of a special prosecutor is left unguarded against.

The danger of abuse of power would be aggravated by secrecy. H.R. 9705 specifically allows the appointment of a special prosecutor to be kept secret (and most of his work would have to be done in secret in any event). A special prosecutor thus could conduct an investigation, subpoena witnesses, and plea-bargain with high officials without any public awareness of his actions. Rumors of the prosecutor's ac-

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tivities could be used as a devastating weapon against individuals—the very fact that a special prosecutor has been appointed, that an individual has been called before a grand jury, is enough to provoke suspicion. As Henry Ruth, Jaworski's successor, warned the Senate committee, an unscrupulous special prosecutor could ruin a man's political career and reputation without ever filing charges.

The political parties would face an equally serious threat. The bill covers presidential campaign chairmen directly and applies to parties through the "conflict of interest" clause. Thus in some cases a special prosecutor would effectively have *carte blanche* to investigate the political parties, with access to all their records, activities and personnel. The potential for abuse would be enormous.

There are no safeguards in H.R. 9705 capable of preventing abuses by the special prosecutor. There cannot be; for any such safeguard would have to be, as the Constitution intends, a *political one*—and the whole conception of a special prosecutor is to free such matters from the restraints of politics.

But the greatest danger of all may come not from abuse of the prosecutor's power, but from his inability to perform the function which the bill assigns him. The special prosecutor will be politically isolated. He may be weak, ineffective, or sympathetic with those he is to investigate. Moreover, Congress has already shown a tendency to give a special prosecutor cases, like that of Lance, where the main question concerned fitness to hold office, a question a prosecutor cannot properly handle. For all these reasons, there may easily be the appearance of a thorough and impartial investigation without the reality of one. The President might then cite the special prosecutor's failure to prosecute as proof of his aide's innocence; Congress might use it as an excuse not to conduct an investigation of its own. The result would be an institutionalized cover-up.

The bill is not likely to restore the American people's confidence in government, as its sponsors contend. While they may trust in the rule of law, their trust in lawyers at this point is extremely low. Nor would confidence be restored by a bill which would perpetuate the assumption that the President and his highest aides are potential defendants in a criminal case.

In addition, H.R. 9705 would grant vast powers to an isolated and unaccountable official, and would subject the political parties to irresponsible government authority. These are the symptoms of Watergate, not the cure. They would only aggravate the problem.

No reform bill will guarantee the ultimate integrity of our political order. Nor can it be maintained merely by court proceedings. As James Bradley Thayer cautioned nearly a century ago, "Under no system can the power of courts go far to save a people from; ruin; our chief protection lies elsewhere." It lies with a strong public sense of the need for accountability, and with the structure of our institutions, designed to limit all power by political restraints.

WE OF THE BROKEN BODY

MADELEINE L'ENGLE

Reflections on Anglo-Roman-Orthodox unity

This past Thanksgiving week-end, during the annual convention of The National Council of Teachers of English, I was the speaker for one of the luncheon meetings. My topic was purely literary—the importance of story in the lives of the students these people teach, and in the lives of the teachers themselves. I began with a Hasidic tale which ends, "God made man because he loves stories."

Later on at least three teachers told me how brave I was to have dared to mention God.

Has it really come to that? I already knew that Christianity is rapidly becoming taboo in the literary world, replacing sex as the unmentionable. But it took me by surprise that a charming Hasidic tale should evoke such comment.

Story is one of the great healing elements in a world that is broken. Story takes the fragments and "puts it all together" for us. In a way I can understand the secular rejection and fear of the great Christian story because it makes demands on those who accept it, terrifying demands.

One of the many ways in which Christians have managed to avoid the demands is a way that strikes me as more frightening than the demands themselves: it

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is a willingness to collaborate in the tearing asunder of life by breaking Christendom into warring denominations and communions, a major victory for the Enemy.

I was shocked in an Evangelical setting to hear someone say, "I couldn't possibly talk to Dr. X about it. He wouldn't understand. He isn't a Christian." Dr. X is Roman Catholic.

Thirty-two years ago when my husband and I married, my devout Baptist mother-in-law was unhappy that I was a "bachelor-girl" living alone in Greenwich Village, who had published two books and was working in the theater, and—worst of all—was an Episcopalian.

I prefer Anglican, but this may be a subjective response and at least partly a reaction against some of the things I dislike in the Episcopal Church. But it's largely because to be Anglican is to be Catholic.

Anglo-Catholic, Roman Catholic, Orthodox Catholic: in a world where it is no longer safe to mention God in a story told to English teachers, the three Catholic orders of Christendom had better look to what binds us together rather than what rends us asunder. And the things that hold us together are basic, whereas that which would pull us apart is peripheral.

About ten years ago when I first went to speak at Mundelein College in Chicago, I stayed at the convent. The three Sisters in charge of me were as curious about this Anglican visitor as though I had come from Mars —and yet they had read my books, my stories (which was why I was there), and for me story is always involved in Incarnation.

"Do you believe in the Real Presence?" I was asked.

Yes, I do. For me, that's part of being Catholic. St. John of Damascus said: "The Bread and the Wine are changed into the real Body and Blood of the Lord. Now if you seek the way or manner of this change, it is sufficient to know that it has been accomplished by the Holy Spirit."

That is sufficient for me, and it in no way belittles what I believe when I receive Holy Communion, for if the bread and the wine are truly the Body and Blood of my Lord, then I am taking God himself within me, and that cannot be done with impunity: what I do when I leave church is either to help or to hinder the Coming of the Kingdom, and in the Name of God. It is an awesome responsibility, and one I can bear only because I know that any good I may do is God in me, and is not in any way accomplished by my own virtue or morality or strength of character.

God in us. That is what we believe, and it is an enormous thing to believe in common. Everything else pales beside this.

We live by sacrament and symbol and story, all things which take us beyond the world of provable fact and laboratory experiment, and into the world of faith—for what can be proved does not need faith.

But we like proofs. Many of the specific topics of discussion today are cloud screens so that we can avoid the *real* topic. In my church we discuss *ad infinitum* the priesting of women and avoid looking at the nature of the priesthood itself. In the days before our last General Convention when I was asked if I was for or against the ordination of women, I replied, truthfully, that I was against the ordination of anybody, male or female, until we took a serious look at what a priest is, or should be.

A priest holds God in his hands, to give to the people, and that is nobody's right, male or female.

I wish we could go back to the very early days, when a deacon was a separate order, not a stepping-stone to the priesthood, left over from the clericalism of the middle ages. One can hardly think of St. Stephen as someone who wasn't quite good enough to become a priest. And wasn't Phoebe the first deacon mentioned in Scripture?

A goodly number of people applying for ordination have genuine vocations to the diaconate, to ministry, but have little or no sense of sacrament, and therefore no calling to priesthood. But as long as the diaconate is considered not-quite-first class, few will be satisfied with this vocation. I am on the commission in my Church (as a token woman, to start with) which examines those in my diocese seeking ordination, so I speak from this point of view, and as a layman with my own vocation as a story-teller.

I use the word lay*man* advisedly, for I am using the word *man* generically: God created man; male and female created He him.

And to make an issue over calling God Him is to miss the point that the Creator of the Universe is beyond all our sexisms. Let us not fall into the trap ignored by one group of earnest Roman/Anglo-Catholic women who seriously translated the first line of one familiar hymn as:

Dear Mother-Father of Personkind

The present heated discussions of homosexuality are often another smokescreen to keep us from facing our very complex human sexuality. We are all a fearsome and wondrous combination of male and female genes, and the mixture is probably richer than we know.

When the sex act is possessive rather than participatory, it can never be Christian, and there are many heterosexual men who use their wives, and vice versa. As a partner in a full and long-term marriage it is probably inevitable that I see participatory heterosexual love as the most complete form of physical love offered the human being, but I view this as a matter of grace, and I think we have much to learn about human sexuality.

As to whether or not homosexuals should be or-

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dained, we know that the virtue or lack of virtue in the priest does not change the validity of the sacraments. However, I am against the public declaration of one's "sexual orientation," and feel that this is, indeed, a disqualification. If I need a serious operation and the surgeon feels impelled to declare to me that he is either homo- or heterosexual, I'm going to look for another doctor.

Another issue over which we're still at odds is abortion. I cannot say that I think abortion is never permissible; I do think that it is sin (unpopular, unfashionable word) but that sometimes it is the lesser sin. We are often faced with alternatives where there is no right choice, and then the only thing to do is pray that we have, in fact, chosen the lesser of two evils.

Perhaps my own experience makes me subjective. My mother couldn't carry a baby for more than three months and she lost countless babies. When, nearly forty, she became pregnant with me, the doctor told her that neither she nor the child could possibly survive the pregnancy, and she should have an immediate therapeutic abortion. So she went to a Roman Catholic doctor (this was in 1918). She lived to be ninety and I'm still here.

Another controversial issue has been the new translations of the liturgy. I find that what has been done to the shape of the Eucharist, the telling of the story, is (for me) alive and compelling. What has been done to the language, in both Roman and Anglo-Catholic translations, is something else again. It's meant to be in the language of the people, but what people? Do we have to use the lowest possible common denominator?

The Lord be with you.
And also with you.
Likewise I'm sure.

I know I gag inordinately over the ugly rhythm of "And also with you," but I've never known anyone who spoke that way. And where language is weak, theology is weak. I don't want to forget that my own spirit may be informed by that Holy Spirit who informs the bread and wine.

The Bible as vehicle of God's grace is something over which we have little argument. The main problem is that it is not read regularly enough by enough people. Amongst other things, it is full of wonderful stories! Stories about flawed and foolish people like ourselves, like our friends and neighbors, and who may, if we listen to them carefully, give us a clearer idea of what separates us and what does not, and how we can once again become whole and holy.

Most of the issues before us are basically Catholic issues, and all unresolved ones, despite the fact that in the Episcopal Church (and some other but not all branches of the Anglican Communion) women may be and are being ordained. I hope we won't let any of these unanswered questions push us further apart.

But how to get together?

It's too late for paper work and red tape. Many in the secular world think of Christianity as terminally ill, if not dead.

The Little Brothers and Sisters of Jesus, Mother Teresa of Calcutta and her order, the reawakening church in South America (if nothing and no one else) refute that. Christianity is anything but dead. But if we allow the world to tear us apart, if we allow internal quarrels to tear us apart, then we are indeed ill.

I believe that union is on its way, and that it is coming from within, not without. I had better not name names and places in this sorry world, but there have been a number of Roman Catholic settings in which I have been lovingly offered, and received, Holy Communion. And vice versa. I have long believed that God is quite capable of taking care of his own table, and that he often invites for dinner those from the highways and byways who would be rejected by the hierarchies.

Perhaps in order to be One Body once more we need to die, to die to all the fears and judgmentalness and more-saved-than-thou-ness that has kept us apart for so many centuries. The priest Juan Carlos Ortis in South America uses this baptismal formula: "I kill you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and I make you born into the Kingdom of God to serve and please him."

In the Orthodox Church the Sacrament of Penance is called *The Mystery of the Second Baptism.* I need to confess my sins, regularly, to a priest, to receive absolution. But I think that we of the broken body need to confess together, too; to be willing to be killed to our sins. Hierarchies can't do this for us; only people can do it, people who believe not only in the cross but in the Resurrection. And then we will be made to be born into the Kingdom of God, to serve and please him, dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And the bones that he has broken may rejoice.

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ELEANOR FITZGIBBONS, IHM

ON THE HARDENING OF ARTERIES

"How can a man be born again
when he is old," Nicodemus parried.

Let alone things heavenly:
Spirit and water, the kingdom of God,
I want to cry:

Old man, what has happened to you?
Have you forgotten how to love or remember
the dying we call winter
that begets another spring?

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THE TANGLED WEB

RICHARD ARMSTRONG

Federal programs for the migrant workers

It's spring again and more than birds are on the wing. The nation's farmworkers have already moved out of their dingy shacks in Florida and Texas and California and are following the migratory season north.

Those of us who can afford it will get our peaches and berries on time. And we won't think much about the chaotic and oppressive system that somehow gets the fresh fruit and vegetables onto our dinner table.

The system refers to the means by which the workers are hired. There is no predictability for either worker or employer. Migrants travel miles and find others have beaten them to the melon field in North Carolina—or that their crew leader lied to them about wages or housing. The shape-up system at the Hidalgo-Reynosa Bridge in the Rio Grande Valley is the scene of much disappointment for Mexican workers who rise at 3 a.m., cross the border legally and come up empty-handed. Illegal workers depress wages for everybody. State employment services are bypassed by grower and farmworker alike.

When it comes to employment, no other major industry operates on such a hit-and-miss basis. The toll is taken on those least able to protect themselves—the farmworkers.

Instead of looking at agricultural policy or rural manpower as a whole, the federal government has tried over the last ten years to bandage the wounds of those mangled by the system. Beginning with the Office of Economic Opportunity and continuing through other agencies, government workers have tried to provide health services, education, better housing, transportation and other auxiliary services to farmworkers.

Many of these efforts overlap or conflict. Between some of them there are yawning gaps. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Labor Department, the Department of Agriculture, the Community Services Administration and the Legal Services Administration all have some part in serving farmworkers. It's all very confusing.

Proposals to unify the approach—or even to better coordinate programs—tend to be met with resistance, partly out of turf-protection, partly out of genuine bewilderment on how to do it.

Room for improvement is almost limitless. Government services reach only a small proportion of the farmworker population. Migrant Headstart involves about one percent of migrant children. Manpower programs touch (often lightly) at most ten percent of those eligible for job training. Migrant health programs, of their nature more likely to be measured, do the best—about 15 percent.

The government has no unified definition on who a farmworker is, or how many there are—both migrant and seasonal. For various purposes, the federal bureaucracy uses five different statistical services, according to Rural America, Inc., a non-profit organization in Washington. None of them is very accurate anyway, since they are often "windshield counts," by which someone drives by a field and estimates how many people are, or should be, working there.

"The confusion," says Rural America, "produces a situation where all statistical services use the same terminology to describe and count substantially different populations."

The net effect may be that as a farmworker, your child may be eligible for Daycare while you may not fit the requirements (a minimum of 25 days and maximum of 150 days in farm work) to be trained for a better paying occupation under the Department of Labor's Comprehensive Employment and Training Act for farmworkers.

Job training itself is criticized as being too short in duration and too narrow in conception. Of the $250 million allocated for farmworkers, the Department of Labor's CETA farmworker program accounts for more than $67 million—second only to HEW's $130 million.

With some exceptions—notably in San Jose, California's booming electronic industry—one comes away from job training sites vaguely depressed. Officials concede there isn't enough time to train an applicant, or that the jobs for which they're being trained (welder, air-conditioning repair, auto mechanic) don't exist in rural areas.

The Department of Labor approaches job training with a "manpower bias." This provides a way to measure how many persons were fit into how many job slots over a certain period of time and at a fixed cost. It doesn't tell if the person will stay on the job, or if the worker is happy or if he or she might have

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benefited more by a longer period of training or more education.

It costs up to $7,000 to train a health worker, while it is much cheaper to get someone into a low-level clerical job. Yet each accounts for a single "slot."

Local forces usually keep farmworker programs tame and unthreatening. Prime sponsors for CETA are usually county governments, which are strongly influenced by conservative interests—namely growers. Who wants innovation that might shift the economic or political power into the hands of the powerless?

There doesn't appear to be any coherent rural employment policy. Ray Marshall, head of the Labor Department, built his reputation at the University of Texas as a rural economist. His colleague in academia was Lamond Godwin, now in charge of National Programs at Labor. And they really don't know what to do.

From the Youth Employment and Demonstration Projects Act (YEDPA) of 1977, Congress set aside for the Labor Department a $200 million "discretionary fund" to find better ways to create jobs. About $15 million was set aside for the CETA farmworker program. Godwin frankly admitted: "We've been asked by Congress to do something we're not well staffed to carry out. . . . We don't know how to deal with problems of disadvantaged people in rural areas. We don't have structures, people who can administer programs. We don't have an effective mechanism to get programs out to these places."

If the experts don't know what to do, where do we go from here?

First of all, we have to admit that nothing has really changed for farmworkers, and that government efforts aren't likely to bring about much change. The Labor Department took a courageous step in January when it awarded $500,000 to the United Farm Workers in California, only to see Cesar Chavez turn the offer down after pressure from growers put hobbling restrictions on its use. The sum was to be for the English language training of UFW members. Many of them would become negotiators of union contracts, and this could be a threat to the power of the growers.

A quarter of a billion dollars, the amount allocated for the farm workers, can't be all bad—even if it averages out to $100 apiece for the nation's (by one estimate) 2.5 million migrant and seasonal farmworkers and their families. Although it would probably be beter to give a crisp new hundred-dollar bill to each person who harvests our crops, we are going to see government programs continue.

And some are doing good. These are usually private groups which use a mix of government and private funds. The Center for Employment and Training (CET) in San Jose, Calif., has trained over 8,000 people in the last ten years in well-paying jobs in the electronics industry. The West Side Planning Group in Fresno, trains farmworkers on its 455-acre tract to become farmers themselves. Program Funding in New York State has a good reputation for helping farmworkers. The Pennsylvania Farm Labor Plan, if implemented, would be a model for other states.

Foundations and enlightened corporations could do more to fund the most promising groups helping farmworkers, whether in employment, education or legal rights. Innovation and the sharing of power will never come about as long as rural interests control federal moneys.

In one way or another, migrancy must be ended. That means creating year-round employment in the states where most migrants live—notably Texas and Florida. A shortage of workers would bring wages up to a point at which local people would be willing to do harvest work in the northern states. This is disputed by many growers but their argument justifies so much exploitation that it must remain suspect.

Right now, anything but a shortage of workers exists. Illegal aliens from Mexico cross the border faster than the Immigration and Naturalization Service can apprehend them—and last year they nabbed over one million. Their presence in agriculture keeps wages pitifully low and weakens unionization efforts. The Carter administration is trying to deal with this problem but it seems unlikely that immigration reform in any meaningful shape will get through this Congress. Economic aid to Mexico, through international agencies such as the World Bank, would do more to reduce the flow of illegals than a border cop every 500 yards from Brownsville to Calexico.

In the long run, the farmworkers themselves will have to take hold of their problems, and the UFW appears to be the only group with enough of a national following to do the job over, say, twenty years. Coordination of government policies and programs can reduce some of the harm, but positive good depends on what happens outside government.

A comprehensive rural employment policy by the federal government would be a big help. So would more enlightened self-interest on the part of growers. Coca Cola's Agricultural and Labor Program in Florida is trying to persuade other growers in the state to stabilize their harvest crews and improve their tarnished image by treating workers more humanely. Previous efforts have failed, but hope has to spring eternal.

It's painful and frustrating to realize that, forty years after *The Grapes of Wrath,* and twenty years after Murrow's *Harvest of Shame,* conditions have barely improved for farmworkers. But the massiveness of the problem can't stop us from continuing to try.

Bring "the problem" down to its simplest human terms, Antonio Orendain, head of the tiny Texas Farm

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Workers' Union, has said many times: "If you were a doctor or a lawyer, and somebody brought you a Christmas basket, what would you say? You'd tell then you don't need it because you can buy your children whatever they need. That's what the farmworker wants to be able to say."

Most of them won't be able to say it this Spring.

'HOLOCAUST' AS DOCU-DRAMA

TELEVISION

It would seem that the television audience can absorb only one cathartic per year. Whatever may be said about "Holocaust" it did not provoke the sort of mass response that greeted "Roots," and that is probably just as well. There has never been much debate about the matters treated in the two programs—at any rate it would be difficult to find apologists for slave-traders and Nazis—and so what is of interest about them is their format. "Docu-dramas" have been with us for a few years now, and it is difficult what to make of them. Of course, we have always had a fondness for sackcloth and ashes, but it is only recently that television has joined the throng. One justification for "Holocaust" was that it served to educate a generation that did not grow up in the wake of the real thing. That supposes, of course, that a contrived drama is somehow a superior education to reading; or, worse, that it requires simple visual imagery to get the message across—learning, even about World War II, should be fun, or at any rate passive. It is "Sesame Street" brought to Modern European History. "Roots" was rather different in that it repeated what must truly be a consensus about America's historic treatment of blacks, but mixed as well with its author's trans-racial notion that a knowledge of one's ancestors is an essential ingredient of happiness. It was also, in its way, a kind of family soap opera of a very familiar type: tracing one line down through the years, although in that case through a remarkable (and almost unique) sequence of events. "Holocaust" might have done the same thing, and if it were to be true to history would have: the saga of the Jews in Germany did not begin in 1933, and it did not end in 1945. It was clear from the beginning what was going to happen to that family, and whatever drama there might have been was discarded at the beginning.

This, then, lies at the heart of what is wrong with "docu-dramas." They throw away their subject. It is all very well to render historical events into fiction, but with the example of Shakespeare looming overhead scriptwriters ought to be careful. It takes something more than a good treatment and some clever casting to equal what has been done before, and it takes as well a certain philosophical insight into history to make something of what is, after all, only one damn battle after another. This leaves television with a couple of alternatives. It seems that any visual medium has a certain advantage in our documented age. What is wrong with bringing true footage to life? It used to be done rather frequently; in fact, in the case of World War II, was nearly overdone. It seemed at some points in the 1950s you could not get through the week without witnessing "Victory at Sea" or Walter Cronkite portending into the microphone on this or that crisis of the twentieth century. I contend that, where television is carrying the message, actual photographs are better than an actor and an imperfect impersonation. Some commercial decision, however, seems to have been made along the line, to wit that documentaries don't sell, or fiction moves better than non-fiction, as any drugstore owner could tell you. Well, that is the sort of debate about integrity in the news that Edward R. Murrow lost twenty years ago, and there is not likely to be much of an argument, particularly when "docu-dramas" succeed in the ratings. I wonder how long they will succeed, however, because their nature is not necessarily so palatable for so long.

They represent that stage in our culture where controversy and passion cool sufficiently to make way for revisionism. Nearly every one I have seen has been devoted to an event about which there is a kind of evolutionary attitude, or where the certainties of yesteryear are called at long last into question. The execution of Private Slovik, the execution of the Rosenbergs, the love life of the Franklin Roosevelts, the Cuban missile crisis —one can nearly imagine what future topics will be: the Hiss case, Sacco-Vanzetti, perhaps Loeb and Leopold will at long last be exonerated. Not long ago there was a speculative trial of Lee Harvey Oswald which permitted all the convenient theories of subsequent years to be transported in time for the illumination of John Kennedy's assassination. What is the point? History in the wrong hands is volatile, and the misunderstanding of history—so palpable in network manufacturings—is a menace. That is what distinguishes "docu-dramas" from dramas based in history; it is impossible to compare what has been made of more recent events with, say, Robert Sherwood's speculations about Lincoln. It is, for that matter, the difference between a dramatist and a publicist.

So, then, with "Holocaust." It seems to have stirred a greater tempest among critics than among its potential audience and, as is so often the case, revealed attitudes that make one fear for the future. I think in that connection of one Catholic magazine's complaint that "Holocaust" represented no worse than what is taking place in abortion clinics around the country, the kind of insane comparison that gripped elements of the Left during the Indochina war. The greatest fault of "Holocaust"

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was theatrical: by basing itself in spurious melodrama, by introducing distractions in the form of coincidences, and, in essence, by drawing attention away from what was going on, it made one nearly impatient with it. Nearly all the commentary about "Holocaust" had nothing to do with the show at all, but about its subject, and whether the subject lends itself to dramatization. Of course it does. A certain amount of totemism surrounds it and for a long time to come it will remain sacred ground, but "Holocaust" is the sort of thing that makes dramatization seem trivial. And, in a commercial enterprise, tragicomic. The networks ought to be wary of cutting from scenes of the ovens of Auschwitz to commercials set in the ovens of Elm City, USA. They ought to realize that while commerce can be oppressive, history is overwhelming, and the two do not always mix well, and sometimes explode on impact. That is the potential harm of "docu-dramas:" not so much the banality of evil, but the evil of banality. PHILIP TERZIAN

THE LADY KILLER

THE SCREEN

A Woman of Paris, which Charlie Chaplin made in 1923, stars Edna Purviance as the mistress of a rich *bon vivant* (Adolphe Menjou). Purviance had played opposite Chaplin himself in many an earlier film, and he made this one as a tribute which would launch her on a career of her own. But since he was worried that audiences would be disappointed by his absence from the film, Chaplin tried to forestall a bad reaction with a preface explaining that he was here directing his "first serious drama." Unfortunately, the audience was disappointed anyway, so Chaplin withdrew the film from circulation. Now that the film has been re-released, however, Chaplin's preface seems a puzzling document. Today, it itself draws the first of what turn out to be many laughs in a film whose appeal isn't serious at all. In fact, the film differs from Charlie's other silent work not by being a "serious drama," but by being a comedy about a rich man rather than the poor one Charlie himself always played.

The difference between drama and comedy is, in movies at least, simple. In drama people come into conflict with each other, whereas in comedy they usually come into conflict with objects. Comedy therefore finds its natural medium in movies, in which props can have more function than on the stage because the distance from the spectator can be varied to show the prop clearly. No filmmaker has been more aware than Chaplin of the chance that art has to utilize objects in movies. Nor has any filmmaker been readier to exercise the other advantage film has over theater in this regard—the advantage of the re-take—in order to bring a sight gag to perfection. (Chaplin would on occasion re-do a single shot dozens of times to get it right.) This is not to say that straight drama won't play in movies, or that Chaplin never attempted it. On the contrary, there is in Chaplin's comedies a prominent element of drama which derives from his sentimentality, his love of melodrama. But with his genius's instinct for what movies do best, he was continuously undercutting that melodrama, and its sentiment, with a comic by-play of objects. And even in *A Woman of Paris*, no matter how serious his original intentions may have been, this instinct couldn't be repressed.

There is a scene, for instance, where Marie (Purviance) accidentally meets her long-lost love from back home, Jean (Carl Miller). Since he is the competition for her current lover Pierre (Menjou), their reunion is an emotional moment. But Chaplin deflected it in another direction by having Jean give her with the coffee he offers her a napkin with a hole in it. The whole scene is then played out around his efforts to keep her from noticing the impoverished state of his linen. Other scenes with Pierre function similarly. In one, he is visiting at her apartment and incongruously picking out a tune on a little soprano saxophone. Then later, when a friend of Marie's has come to divulge an infidelity of Pierre's, she absent-mindedly uses the saxophone as an ashtray. This scene ought, again, to be a painful one for Marie, and presumably it is; but we only see her reaction through the increasingly violent writhing of an outstretched hand which is being worked on by a masseuse. Between the flailing about of her fingers, which thereby become objects, and the saxophone-ashtray, this sad scene is hilarious.

Though *A Woman of Paris* may have been intended as a vehicle for Purviance, it is clearly Pierre who fascinated Chaplin more. Pierre is the character on whom most of these troublesome props focus our attention. The saxophone is in effect a metaphor for him, as is a pearl necklace which Marie throws out a window at one point. Indeed, the first of these touches is introduced into the film at the moment that Pierre himself is. Invited to the kitchen of a restaurant to select the fowl he will eat, Pierre chooses one so high that only he and the chef can stand the stench of it. Everyone else flinches when it passes under his nose. This is the perfect touch to establish the character of Pierre for us. He is a bit gamy, an example of elegance that is overrefined. He has no more feeling than that fowl. This noticeable corruption is his appeal, in fact, just as it is the fowl's. While Marie agonizes over choosing between him and Jean, and Jean goes through an agony of his own that ends in suicide, Pierre remains debonair, detached, amused and, consequently, amusing. As that little saxophone he fools around with at Marie's apart-

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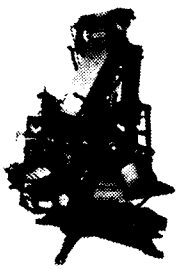
ment suggests, his relationship with her is for him a kind of playtime. When she threatens to leave him, he is philosophical and poised. When she decides to come back to him, he is philosophical and poised. Always charming and a bit ironic, he is the comic by-play in this movie that undercuts the "serious drama" of Marie's relationship with Jean.

In creating the Tramp Chaplin had of course made his art out of the poverty of his own early life, and in creating Pierre he was only following through—making a movie out of what his more recent successes in life had taught him. In order to poke fun at a gourmet's preference for high fowl, you have to be rich enough to know about such things. At the same time, though, the relationship between Charlie and Pierre has to have been more complicated than that. Pierre, the suave *boulevardier,* is the person whom Charlie's Tramp, with his cut-away coat, wing collar and carnival cane used as a walking stick, aspires to be. And Pierre, the rich man without feelings, is also probably the person whom Charlie himself feared success and fame would make him. It is even possible to see in Pierre a disaffected version of the Tramp. The Tramp has an incredible ability to spring back from life's rebuffs and tragedies. Pierre has an equal ability not to be touched by them in the first place. Pierre's talent for living is simply the Tramp's resilience turned decadent—his naiveté and hope transformed into a sensibility that is nerveless and effete.

Though intended to launch the stardom of Edna Purviance, *A Woman of Paris* killed off her career instead. This was in part because the film's unpopularity resulted from the feeling that she was too old to play the title role, which was ironic when you consider that Charlie's problem in real life was going in for girls who were too young. (Charlie's addiction to nymphettes is characteristic of the *boulevardier*'s personality too. When Maurice Chevalier sings "Thank Heaven for Little Girls," there is something decidedly perverse about his interest in them.) The only career benefited by this film was that of Adolphe Menjou, who did indeed turn out to be someone Charlie might have feared he would become—someone who was to betray the socialist ideals and humanitarianism of Charlie's youth. During the period when Charlie had to go into exile from America, Menjou appeared before one of the Congressional witch hunts as a "co-operative witness." In casting Menjou as the villainous French general in *Paths of Glory* afterwards, Stanley Kubrick was probably not far off the mark.

And what ever happened to the Tramp? Well, he turned into the elegant person he always wanted to be, too. First he underwent a schizophrenic break-down in the thirties, half of him remaining the same old Tramp while the other half became Charlie's riotous parody of Hitler in *The Great Dictator.* But then the Tramp disappeared altogether and was replaced by the title character in *Monsieur Verdoux,* who is a dapper womanizer like Pierre. Except that this womanizer, who at last wins all those hearts the Tramp has been wooing unsuccessfully for years, turns out in the end to be a real killer of ladies. As a sketch on the mass-murderer Landru, Verdoux is Chaplin's ultimate parody of that deadly charm which he had first created twenty-five years earlier in Pierre. COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

THE MAULING OF NIXON



PRESS

A notable American figure is going to take quite a beating in the press over the next six weeks. A softer-hearted people might find a word or two in his defense, or concede his achievements with a measure of generosity, or reflect that his deepest failing was a compulsion to repay animosity in kind, or admit that history may adjust a detail or two in the public portrait, but about the best Richard Nixon can expect is the observation that he was his own worst enemy.

The occasion of his drubbing—perhaps the last on a really large scale, but in his case one can never be sure—will be the official publication of his memoirs, a fat tome with a price to match its bulk of $19.95. The excerpts currently running in the *New York Times* and other papers have a doughy, toneless quality characteristic of recent presidential memoirs. Unlike his predecessors Nixon was unable to carry off the records of his administration, a fact which might have prompted him to reach within for his personal history, but it does not appear to have done so. Perhaps modern presidents have grown too dependent on speech writers and can no longer find their voice when the time comes to explain themselves.

But one must be honest about these things: the book itself is almost beside the point. Nothing he might have found to say in his own defense could save him from the mauling he can expect. Nixon is so widely and deeply disliked, his honor and capacity have been so thoroughly discredited, that even his very name has begun to seem a kind of expletive, like quisling. Other presidents were the target of public abuse—FDR was attacked as a traitor to his class, Eisenhower dismissed as a golf-crazy reader of Western novels, Johnson denounced as a war criminal—but none have had to suffer quite the vituperative savagery aimed at Nixon. It was bad enough before he resigned his office in disgrace in August, 1974, but it has been worse since, a venomous assault which

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might seem balanced and fair for an ex-murderer, a molester of small girls, an embezzler of savings from widows, a poisoner of pigeons.

Does this matter? Of course it must be painful for Nixon. Few men in American history have risen so far—he really did work in his father's store—and none can have received less pleasure from it. But Nixon has made a few people squirm in his time, as well, and it ought to be left to Higher Authority to determine if he got worse than he gave. What I want to know is whether we have been fair to the man, and if not—which I hope you will concede is at least *conceivable*—then what are the consequences of our having condemned him more than he deserved?

This is a difficult matter to sort out. The facts are no longer much in dispute, few administrations having been plundered more quickly or thoroughly of their secrets, but the facts do not automatically speak for themselves. The case is not open and shut, despite sentiment in favor of an early and final verdict. There is room for argument, even if there has not been much of it so far, and the best place to begin is with the givens.

There aren't any surprises here: Nixon knew all about Watergate within a few days of the break-in, even if he did not know of the plan beforehand (for which there is no evidence). He did what he could to limit the investigation, short of playing a direct role himself, and he lied repeatedly about his knowledge and involvement, conceding bits and pieces of the truth only when the facts or the circumstances forced his hand. It is not hard to pinpoint further probable lies to which he is still sticking, such as when he first learned of the break-in, when he first intervened, and so on. It should occasion no surprise when the defendant tries to hide the facts of the case, but in this instance even Nixon's account of his own feelings is completely unreliable. At one point I figured he probably felt just as sad and low in spirits when he fired Haldeman and Ehrlichman as he claimed at the time, but now even that has been called into question. I'm not sure he knows his own heart in these matters. About the only Nixon claim we can take at face value, with confidence it represents what he truly thinks on the subject, is his conviction that whatever crimes he may have committed, they did not justify impeachment or removal from office.

The other major given in the Watergate matter is that Nixon was not "hounded" from office. Every official investigative body bent over backwards to give him the benefit of the doubt, some of them so far—the original team of federal prosecutors, for example—that their successors might properly have included them among the defendants. Nixon hung himself. At every stage along the way his intransigence made a bad situation worse. The evidence of White House cover-up was persuasive almost from the beginning, but the investigators were all cautious with the facts, holding back until they turned up a smoking gun. The closer the evidence got to Nixon, the more damning it was, until he literally impeached himself on the June 23rd tape. No fair reading of the case can conclude anything except that Watergate was Nixon's doing, as well as his undoing. The fact that a lot of people were glad to see him go does not mean there was a vendetta: he was guilty, and he got caught, and he resigned because the alternative was conviction by the Senate.

The real question is not whether Nixon was fairly nailed for his role in Watergate, something he ought to be left to argue alone, but whether he was altogether the low scoundrel and uninspired mucker he's been made out ever since. It strikes me the answer is no, and that we invite damage to ourselves by denying his genuine achievements, of which there are at least three. The important point is not what he was, but what he did, and it seems to me that when you isolate your animosity for the man it's natural to conclude that what he did was greater than what he was.

In the first place, he reached a degree of accommodation with the Soviet Union and signed the first meaningful arms limitation agreement since the Second World War. This is the sort of thing which does not seem like much until you consider it in historical context and pay close attention to the details. The context is one of unremitting rivalry, suspicion and hostility for nearly 30 years. Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson all managed to sound both pugnacious and timid where Russia was concerned, an alarming mix. Nixon broke with this history. I've forgotten who described our relations as those of two scorpions in a bottle; Nixon deserves credit for getting us out of the bottle, and even for limiting our stings to a degree.

This latter is a claim which seems to invite raillery and abuse. Because the United States and the Soviet Union both retained the capacity to destroy each other thrice-over, SALT I has been dismissed as of no consequence. This is short-sighted. We have got only two choices where the threat of nuclear war is concerned: to give way to despair, or take such steps as we can. Even small steps are extraordinarily difficult, as you may discover by reading John Newhouse's history of SALT I, *Cold Dawn*. But this step was not quite so small as even the optimists have been inclined to think, because it included an agreement to severely limit Anti-Ballistic Missile systems. If the Russians had proceeded with their's back in 1972, we'd be building one by now as well. The cost would have been $40 billion or more, and the result would have been a balance of terror with twice the terror and half the balance.

In the second place, Nixon established a new relationship with China which tended to align the world's great powers in a new way, making us all more cautious, and thus safer. I have heard people argue that this was no big deal, it should have been done long ago. Nixon was

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only chasing votes for 1972, and besides, it was all Kissinger's idea. This is not a serious approach to a serious matter. The fact is that none of Nixon's predecessors had done it, or even dared to suggest they might do it. Inertia is a powerful force in political affairs, and while Dean Rusk, say, may have favored an understanding with China, in an entirely theoretical way, he had no idea how this was to be achieved, recommended no practical steps in its pursuit, and showed every sign of preferring the existing estrangement to the uncertain penalties of a domestic wrestling match on the subject. From the day he entered office until the day he left he referred to the capital of China as "Peiping"—the Nationalists' name for Peking.

The rapprochement of the United States and China took courage on the part of Mao, Chou En Lai and Nixon, who won not even grudging respect from his opponents for doing what they had been too cautious to do on their own, and who lost the support of a solid chunk of his own constituency. No one expected Nixon to do this before his election, and he might easily have let the matter slide. In that case it would have been up to Carter, who had trouble enough winning approval of his treaty with Panama for eventual surrender of the canal. Nixon had the wisdom to see that a three-sided rivalry was safer than one between two superpowers, he had the skill to put his policy into effect, and he deserves credit for the achievement.

That's two. His third achievement I hesitate even to name, but here goes: Nixon got the United States out of Vietnam. I know we could argue about this from now till Christmas without reaching agreement, but that is because the argument must necessarily center on whether he could have reached agreement with Hanoi sooner, with less bloodshed, and in particular without the B-52 bombing raids on Hanoi at the end of 1972. A second major question is whether we eventually won anything in the final peace agreement which might have justified the suffering and delay. Stripped of the complex sections on enforcement, the treaty gave Hanoi all of Ho Chi Minh's "four points" promulgated back in 1966, in return for which we got only two things, our prisoners, and the agreement itself.

That may not seem like much, but consider the nature of the problem facing the American negotiators: Hanoi had us over a barrel: we could not simply abandon our prisoners—I mean, politically could not—and we needed an agreement to get the prisoners. But until late 1972 Hanoi's minimum demand for an agreement was the removal of Thieu. How was that to be engineered? By a coup? What sort of lies would we have had to tell the coup-makers to convince them this was in their best interests? We all but personally murdered Diem to get him out in 1963; how do you feel about that? We led the South Vietnamese down the garden path; would you have felt better if we had deliberately actively and secretly betrayed them, rather than simply abandoning them?

The North Vietnamese were tougher-minded about this matter. According to Vernon Walters, who served as Kissinger's translator during the negotiations in Paris, Le Duc Tho (who later shared the Nobel peace price with Kissinger) once suggested the United States might get rid of Thieu by killing him. They couldn't kill him; he was too well protected. But perhaps, since Thieu trusted us, we might find a way to do it. Would you have been in favor of that, even if it had brought our soldiers and prisoners home year or two earlier?

The problem Nixon faced in Vietnam when he took office in 1969 was pretty much of the sort De Gaulle faced in Algeria when he returned to power in 1958. Both men solved it in pretty much the same way, too: they fought like hell for three years, and gave the other side just about everything it wanted. If anything, Nixon handled this problem with somewhat more finesse. Would Hubert Humphrey have done as well? Would George McGovern have won a better deal after surrendering every negotiating point in advance? The real blame for that war ought to attach to the men who got us into it, not to those who found it so hard to get us out.

But the whole argument is probably moot. History already seems to have a firm grip on Nixon's character, and is in no mood to forgive him for what he was out of consideration for what he did. I once read, with astonishment, that the Roman Empire was never so well-administered as it was under Caligula. I have no idea if that is really true, but the point ought to be clear enough. Nixon will never free himself from the seamy mess of Watergate, and, like Caligula, is going to be remembered only for his crimes.

THOMAS POWERS

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UNIVERSITY PRESS BOOKS

Jack Miles

The Old Religion in the Brave New World: Reflections on the Relation Between Christendom and the Republic, by Sidney E. Mead (University of California Press, $10). American religious pluralism was not developed, nor was the tolerance that permitted it celebrated, by any of the Christian groups that came from England to the New World. Pluralism and tolerance were tenets in a rival religion, one which Sidney E. Mead calls Deism or, simply, Enlightenment. Since the civil institutions of the newborn United States of America were based on that rival religion, a tension was created with the various forms of the Christian religion that Christian leaders in the 18th and 19th centuries—notably Isaac Backus and Horace Bushnell—were all too willing to resolve in favor of a return to that union of church and state which had been normative in Christianity since Constantine. It was the distinctive and still largely unassimilated achievement of Lyman Beecher to develop, early on, a theology in which disestablishment was welcomed as a boon to Christianity and in which, conversely, the social functions of the American state were made part of the responsibiilty of the American Christian as Christian.

American Christians, Catholics not least among them, have been looking for a way past the privatization of religious belief in the Latin American "theology of liberation" and the German "theology of hope." Each of these is valuable in a different way, but Mead has drawn attention to a peculiarly North American way past the same stumbling block. He draws cautionary attention to the *abnormal* experience of Christians here: our pluralism was exceptional, an awkward fact that was in place before there was a theological rationale for it. Even now, as he points out in referring to a survey of Lutherans, many Americans have not made religious peace with pluralism. There is, even at this late date, a bad join between religious practice and religious thought. Though Mead is, as he puts it, a student of "religion in American history" rather than a theologian, he has issued in this brief book a challenge to American theologians that none who is serious can afford to overlook.

Mark Naison

At a time when autobiographies of ex-Communists are attracting considerable attention in the literary world Bert Cochran's study of Communists in the American labor movement *Labor and Communism, The Conflict that Shaped American Unions,* (Princeton University Press, $25) has not attained the recognition it deserves. Cochran's book is the first detailed scholarly study of an important aspect of Communist activity in the United States since Joseph Starobin's *American Communism in Crisis,* and like Starobin's book, it marks a sharp break with the cold war school of history that presents Communists as evil geniuses and their opponents as paragons of virtue.

Cochran, a former UAW militant who locked horns with the CP in the 1930s, has great contempt for the Party's theoretical and organizational dynamics. He begins his book with an analysis of the Party's "Stalinization" in the 1920s, describing the gradual transformation of its leaders from radical unionists into hard-bitten bureaucrats attuned to the shifting political winds in the Soviet state. But Cochran recognizes that the CP was more than a tame instrument of Soviet foreign policy; it was also a political organization which incorporated many earlier streams of American radicalism, and which represented, for most of its membership, a vehicle to achieve thoroughly familiar and legitimate political goals. The tension between the Party as "conspiracy" and as "mass dissenting organization," Cochran claims, helps explain the Party's confusing, and often self-destructive behavior in the American labor movement.

In the 1930s and 40s, the Communist Party played an important role in organizing and leading many large industrial unions and attracted thousands of labor militants to its ranks. But saddled as it was with an organizational structure and a view of international events that mirrored Soviet patterns, and functioning in a political milieu in which socialism had little emotional appeal, even among the working class, it could not make headway as a mass political movement under its own banner.

The Party's lack of a mass political base, Cochran claims, made it extremely vulnerable to being "used" by both its allies in "united front activities" and by ambitious trade unionists who came into its ranks in the hope of advancing their careers. The Party leaders, in this book, hardly conform to the oft-propagated image of master manipulators. Cochran shows how most labor leaders who developed alliances with the Party, from John L. Lewis to Walter Reuther (for a brief period), got the better part of the bargain. They were just

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as toughminded and ruthless as the Party bureaucrats and were not saddled with the CP's self-destructive international commitments.

After World War II, when the Party leadership, on the impetus of the Dublos letter, leaped into a suicidal repudiation of all the policies which had begun to win it a place in the American mainstream, all of its labor allies, and many of its own labor leaders, turned against it and tried to drive the Party out of the CIO. The Party leaders, placing their international ties (and self image as bolsheviks) above their organizational interests in American society, grimly pursued policies which turned the Party into an empty shell and helped, in the process, to strengthen conservative forces in the American labor movement.

Cochran has handled a very difficult subject with great sensitivity and intelligence. This book is essential reading for anyone who wants to understand the history of industrial unionism and socialism in twentieth century America.

Vivian Mercier

Next to of course my own *Beckett/Beckett* (Oxford, $11.95), *Ulysses in Progress*, By Michael Groden, (Princeton University Press, $13.50) is my favorite university press book published in 1977: a choice that surprises nobody more than myself. It arrived with a clutch of other books on Joyce for review in a learned journal: since criticism, not textual scholarship, is my bag, I intended to read it last. Rumors, however, had been reaching me of exciting new developments in the textual study of *Ulysses*, including Clive Driver's edition of the Rosenbach Manuscript and Phillip F. Hering's two volumes of notes and early drafts for *Ulysses* (University Press of Virginia). I sneaked a look at Michael Groden's bibliography—before, as I thought, going on to read the more congenial books in the pile—and was dismayed to see, listed alongside the tired old warhorses of Joyce studies, a number of articles, books, and dissertations that were unfamiliar to me; many of their authors' names were new also. Joyce scholarship had become a whole new ballgame while my attention was diverted to Beckett. I picked up Groden's book and, as the reviewers of best-selling novels say, I couldn't put it down. Why?

Well, first of all because, like the best-seller writers, Groden has "a rattling good story" to tell: however tedious and tortuous certain parts of the development of *Ulysses* may seem, the whole process occurred in a period of eight years, 1914-22, and lends itself to chronological treatment. Furthermore, Groden tells his story well, in a clear, uncluttered prose. For years I have been urging graduate students to think of their paper or dissertation as a *narrative*, but even those who have grasped the point find difficulty in arriving at an appropriate style. Not Michael Groden: after a fairly brief "Introduction," he begins his first chapter thus:

> In October 1916, well over two years into his work on *Ulysses*, James Joyce provided one of the first progress reports on his new book: "I hope to finish it in 1918." In fact, Joyce never really "finished" *Ulysses*. Rather, since he was determined that it should be published on his fortieth birthday, February 2, 1922, he had to stop writing it. By that time he had spent eight years on the work, lived in three cities, changed his address nineteen times, suffered several eye attacks and subsequent operations, and, at a distance, experienced a world war. More important, during this time his artistic goals changed to such an extent that a book that in some aspects began as a sequel to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* ended as a prelude to *Finnegans Wake*.

Having outlined his scenario in this appetite-whetting paragraph, Groden develops it brilliantly in the next fifty pages. The chapter is titled "*Ulysses*: The Three Stages": in the remaining three chapters he retells his story in more detail, stage by stage. As he does so, he not only depicts the mind of a great artist at work but illuminates the meaning of the finished book in a hundred different places. What's more, that first chapter supplies, almost without Groden's noticing it and certainly without any advertisement of the fact on the jacket, a definitive study of narrative technique and "point of view" in *Ulysses*. Formal critics who wouldn't touch a manuscript with a forty-foot pole have much to learn from this textual study.

Nathan A. Scott, Jr.

One's impression is that Wallace Fowlie is not generally accounted amongst the princelings of criticism in our period, no doubt in part because he has never had any penchant for the more rarefied zones of theoretical speculation. And yet the vast body of his achieved work ought surely to require us now to think of him as one of the truly distinguished teachers of the past generation. I recall with gratitude my own first introduction over thirty years ago to the French Catholic tradition of Péguy and Bloy and Claudel and Mauriac by way of such early books of his as *Clowns and Angels* and *Jacob's Night*. It was tantalizing *aperçus* on Graham Greene and Djuna Barnes and Robert Penn Warren in his book of the mid-forties on Rimbaud that first led me to read these writers. His enormously suggestive book of 1948, *The Clown's Grail: A Study of Love in Its Literary Expression*, through its discussions of Corneille and Nerval and Baudelaire and Proust, gave an exciting new impetus to my own reflections on themes I had first reckoned with under the influence of Anders Nygren and Denis de Rougemont and C. S. Lewis. And over the past twenty-

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five years his books on Mallarmé and Cocteau and Surrealism and French theatre and various other topics, in the lucidity and passion with which they have probed one or another aspect of French tradition, have been for me—and I suspect for many others—a constant source of tutelage and illumination.

So, most especially since I have never had the privilege of knowing him in a personal way, I was delighted by the announcement that came a few months ago from the Duke University Press of its having published Wallace Fowlie's autobiography, *Journal of Rehearsal: A Memoir* ($12.95, 219pp), the first installment of which (*Pantomime*) I had read with great pleasure when it was published in 1951 by Henry Regnery. And, as I have regularly done over many years when a new piece of his work has appeared, I immediately acquired it.

Like its earlier version, Mr. Fowlie's latest essay in reminiscence, though it is largely devoted to the great love of his life, practices a most careful reticence regarding the more intimate aspects of his personal history; and, just in this respect, a certain charm will be found, if one has grown a bit weary of the more insistently confessional styles of contemporary autobiography. True, Mr. Fowlie's story is replete with friendship—involving Gide and Cocteau and Henry Miller and Kenneth Burke and Henri Peyre and numerous others—but it makes evident that his greatest avidity, his deepest fidelity, his central passion, has been reserved for France and for its literature. It is a love affair that began in Brookline, Massachusetts, when, in his twelfth year, he began to study French and then heard Paul Claudel, at the time the French ambassador in Washington, deliver a dry, simple, yet (for the young Fowlie) absolutely captivating lecture in Boston's Copley Plaza. The only thing he could catch in Claudel's address was the one phrase *maison chinoise*, but on that Saturday afternoon he suddenly knew that it was his destiny to master the strangely beautiful and resonant music of this great language. And it was this consciousness that guided his student years at Harvard and that committed him to an academic vocation the result of which has been one of the most attractive and useful careers in American literary life over nearly four decades.

Expectably, the scene of Mr. Fowlie's narrative is often Paris, but he also talks interestingly about his professorial life at Bennington and Yale and Duke. And the unspoken assumption lying behind his whole testimony is a matter of a deep but unpretentious confidence in the rightness of dedicating one's life to writing about man and his dreams and his poetry and his theatre. Ours is just now, of course, a period in which the ever advancing insurgency of the *nouvelle critique* tends more and more deeply to undermine confidence in the dignity of literature—which is often by way of being represented as merely a specious epiphenomenon of the linguistic codes that rule us. And, in such a time, Mr. Fowlie's kind of *pietas* may seem to lack the boldness that the disciples of a Barthes and a Derrida find inspiriting. But he is himself by no means unaware of the new *avant-garde* in criticism, and I should like to think that the modest, yet assured, amiability with which he reviews a career wholly devoted to literary interpretation is his quiet way of saying to the New Man "*J'accuse*!"

Rosemary H. Balsam

Hans W. Loewald, in *Psychoanalysis and the History of the Individual*, (Yale University Press, $7.95), presents three visions of humanity in the three Freud lectures he gave at Yale in 1977, now available in this slender volume. The essays are entitled "Man as Moral Agent," "Transference and Love," and "Comments on Religious Experience." The book is crystal clear in thought and exquisitely expressed.

Unfortunately psychoanalysis is burdened with earnest writers who obfuscate rather than clarify, by a combination of Germanic prose, circuitous thought, a tendency to becloud phenomena and theory, and by a devotion to a scientific terminology at best weak because it is open to idiosyncratic interpretation. Ours is, in Loewald's words, "an untidy discipline." Dr. Loewald's book is different, and to be highly recommended to those interested in man as a human being, and in the contribution of psychoanalytic thinking to human experience.

Dr. Loewald shows how psychoanalysis helps elucidate the integrative trends in human development. Morality in his terms means owning up, taking responsibility for the impersonal forces within us. Human beings can lose connection with their individual pasts, and he shows how essential it is for man's creative existence in present and future to call upon this past reservoir, alive and available to interact with the present. The well-known goal of analysis, quoted from the Strachey translation, is "where id was there ego shall

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be." Loewald re-translates this statement as, "where id was there ego shall come into being." By this subtle shift of accuracy, living, loving growth and psychoanalysis become dynamic continuous enterprises of attempted articulation between conscious, preconscious and unconscious experience. The notion is questioned that maturity involves laying the past to rest in favor of a new dominating rationality. He says simply: "To be an adult . . . does not mean leaving the child in us behind. . . . It is our task as historical beings to resume our history making by finding a way back to [unconscious modes and contends of human experience] so that they may be transformed, and away from a frozen ego."

The most original thoughts are presented in the last essay on religious experience. Dr. Loewald explores territory which Freud opened but was unable to pursue. Religion has tended to be viewed by analysts following Freud as merely working out of infantile wishes for an all-powerful father protector. Freud himself, however, sensed that this was not the whole story, and Loewald enters the origins of religious feelings of oneness with the universe, and the mysteries of "oceanic feelings" as later resonances of the early mother-infant world, where there was no separateness. Within these constellations lie the sources of creativity.

When Dr. Loewald told his teacher, Martin Heidegger, of his decision to leave philosophy to pursue psychiatry, the great philosopher assured him that psychiatry had need of philosophers too. He was more prophetic for the future of psychoanalysis than he could have known, and for Dr. Loewald's ability to weave his own philosophical talent into psychoanalysis, which is still coming into being.

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John Ahern

Dante irritated Christian poets like Péguy and Hopkins, whereas Yeats thought he was Christianity's chief imagination. Ever since his political writings were removed from the Index, and scholastic and patristic theologies underwent their respective revivals, there has been a tendency to present Dante as the Bard of Orthodoxy, the mouthpiece of the Christian tradition, the one poet lucky enough to live in an ordered world where everybody believed in the Incarnation. In different ways, both Auerbach and Eliot subscribed to this useful but mistaken idea. In point of fact, Dante was a maverick in an age of great corruption and infidelity.

In *The Two Dantes and other Studies*, by Kenelm Foster, (University of California Press, $16.) Dante is *not* the poet laureate of Thomism. Foster knows his Dante and his Aquinas too well for that. His new book goes a long way towards correcting some well-established misunderstandings of Dante. It consists of nine previously published articles and a new three-part essay, which gives the volume its title. Foster's point of departure is his puzzlement at Dante's "intractable eccentricity from the standpoint of Catholic tradition." The first of his two Dantes is a tough, Aristotelian moralist, an unwitting semi-Pelagian who thought "virtue and vice wholly in our power" and put the "widest possible gap between nature and grace." This Dante finds no room for religion in the daily life of men in this world. He relegates it to extreme old age and the next world. Foster's second Dante is the man who had to struggle long and hard before he understood that God is active rather than passive, and that healing grace does in fact exist. Today most scholars accept a rationalistic pre-*Commedia* Dante and a "born again" poetic genius. Foster, however, draws a much sharper contrast, and provides a deeper, subtler, more convincing analysis of this dichotomy than any of his predecessors. Unlike them, he also sees this contrast *within* the *Comedy*, particularly in Limbo and the figure of Virgil. The problem is resolved in *Purgatory* where morality is part of a larger design leading to "a love-union with the Infinite." Foster's remarkable essay on "Dante and Eros" provides a unique anatomy of Dante's extraordinary erotic vision, where sexual attraction is providential, and sexuality in plants, animals and men, is related to the Holy Spirit and "the rightness at the root of things." This learned celibate makes us see Dante as a struggling, creative and eccentric poet within the Catholic tradition rather than a lofty Olympian of sexless orthodoxy which so many critics seem to prefer. Had Hopkins and Péguy been able to read Foster, they too might have loved Dante.

Victor Ferkiss

The thesis of this short, well-written book *The Public Man: An Interpretation of Latin American and Other Catholic Countries*, by Glen Caudill Dealy, (The University of Massachusetts Press, $10), is at once simple, intriguing, and important. The author argues that political behavior in historically Catholic societies differs from that in other Western nations not as the result of the persistence of medieval or folk traditions but because it is an expression of an alternative, conscious, rational mode of action first articulated in the Renaissance.

This style, which Dealy calls *caudillaje*, "propels men in an unending, insatiable quest for public influence." This mode of seeking and holding power extends across both class and

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ideological lines (machismo is simply one of its primary manifestations). Public power is based on cultivated "rational friendship"—the Catholic equivalent of the economic rationality of Protestantism— and Machiavelli is the "Ben Franklin of Catholicism."

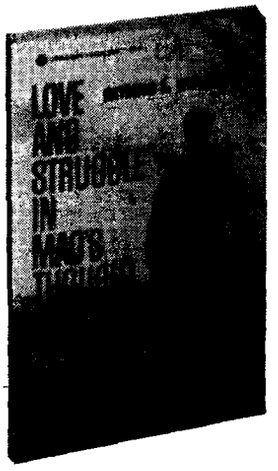
Dealy holds that Catholic cultures take literally the Augustinian notion of the two kingdoms and radically separate public and private morality. Aquinas, he says, essentially followed Augustine in this separation but introduced a new note by making the morality of classical antiquity the norm for the public sphere. Machiavelli (who always considered himself a good Catholic and died in the church) simply spelled out how to gain power given this new moral code.

Dealy paints with a broad brush. Using De Toqueville as a model, he disdains such tools as survey research, instead working primarily with historical and literary sources. But his thesis is worth pondering. His concept of the difference between Catholic and Protestant styles of public morality is not too different from that of pop theologians such as Michael Novak and is implicit in the admiration of the late Mayor Daley by writers such as Andrew Greeley and Eugene Kennedy. If Dealy is right and Machiavelli is the repudiated patron saint of Catholic politics, perhaps we should even take Malachi Martin's prediction of a coming Vatican-Communist entente more seriously.

Michael Kammen

I belong to an American Studies discussion group. Once every five weeks during the academic year, The Junto Redivivus gathers at the home of a member to discuss a recent book of consequence, swill beer and make some cheese disappear. In recent years we have lamented the fact that almost all of our selections are written by historians of ideas, or literary critics, or else that hybrid kind of cultural tyro who teaches in an American Studies department. Too rarely do we feel compelled to come to terms with a work which emphasizes the physical aspects of American life—a curious circumstance when one considers just how important material culture and technology have been in the making of this civilization. Our intellectual appetites seem to prefer ideational unicorns and eunuchs to the nitty and the gritty.

A little more than a year ago, however, an important exception appeared: Dolores Hayden's *Seven American Utopias: The Architecture of Communitarian Socialism, 1790-1975* (MIT Press, $16.95), this attractive and highly unusual volume written by an assistant professor of architecture at M.I.T. The author apparently found the very same overly cerebral approach within her chosen field, for she tells us that "most of the literature on historic



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communes deals uneasily with the relationship of people to their physical surroundings. Sociologists and historians lacking visual inclinations have often taken communitarian landscapes and buildings for granted, treating them as background settings for their particular concerns."

Professor Hayden lived in a commune during the later 1960s, belongs now to a women's group as well as to WALP (Women in Architecture, Landscape Architecture, and Planning). She was attracted by the feminist orientation of many American utopian groups: their emphasis upon sexual equality, and their efforts to provide facilities for communal child care, communal cooking, housework and the like.

Nevertheless, this very solid book is no trendy tract for our times. Rather, it is carefully researched, richly illustrated and clearly written. Hayden explores the relationship between the members of these communities, their forms of social organization, and the complex, collective environments they created. As she explains, "since the spatial organization of dwellings and workplace makes questions of order, sharing, and viability very explicit, self-conscious communal groups often used the design to explore the transition between socialist theory and practice. It is this transition, expressed in terms of the design process, which I have tried to report and analyze."

Hayden selected seven groups—four of them religious communities, and three non-sectarian: the Shakers, Mormons, Fourierists, Oneida Perfectionists, Amana Inspirationists, Union Colonists at Greeley, Colorado, and the Llano del Rio group in California. Taken together, they provide an excellent sampling of the ideological and geographical diversity of the communitarian movement in America from the late eighteenth century until the 1930s. Each of these groups did a substantial amount of building. All are well documented by both inside as well as outside observers; and many of their buildings are well preserved. Like those buildings, this book, too, will endure; for it has been attractively designed and carefully constructed.

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BOOKS

THE UNITY OF RITES

WALLACE FOWLIE

Violence and the Sacred
RENE GIRARD
translated by Patrick Gregory
Johns Hopkins University, $17.50
[352 pp]

Taking its place midway between anthropological studies and literary criticism, this new book of Professor Girard draws its documentation primarily from recent books on ethnology, from Greek tragedies (Sophocles and Euripides), and from the writings of Freud and Lévi-Strauss. From the beginning to the end of the book, which appeared first in France in 1972 under the title *La Violence et le sacré*, the critic steadily and forcefully underscores his belief, with as much justification as he can amass, that violence is at the heart of the sacred, that violence is in mythic heroes, in sacred gods, in deified ancestors, and that violence belongs to all men and to no one in particular.

He reminds us that *sacred*, from the Latin *sacer*, means "sacred" or "accursed." His title "Violence and the Sacred" might equally well have been "Violence *or* the Sacred." In the opening chapter, René Girard studies the institution of "sacrifice," one that is often looked upon as impenetrable, and

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points out with greater ease than in other parts of his argument, that sacrifice is both saintly and sinful. On page 19 he claims that violence and the sacred are inseparable. There are a few allusions to the Old Testament, especially in the first two chapters, but Professor Girard makes no attempt to consider Judaeo-Christian texts in the light of his theory, and it is not until the end of the book that he implies he reserves this important part of his subject for a future study.

The critic does not hesitate to oppose scientific researchers as well as fervent Hellenophiles, defenders of traditional humanism and disciples of Nietzsche. In the total elaboration of his theory, far too complex to summarize briefly, Mr. Girard stands quite alone. He acknowledges and uses the more familiar theories of science and literature (ethnology and Greek tragedy) but he believes that their exponents fail to perceive underlying principles on which their studies are based. All is not clear to him—"the microbe of violence has not yet been discovered," he tells us—but he reexamines and questions in closely reasoned arguments theories of Freud and Lévi-Strauss in order to demonstrate the pervasiveness of violence in rituals, in myths and in religions.

Rather than finding a difference, as Nietzsche does, between Dionysus and Apollo, Mr. Girard finds a similarity. His study is consistently pointed toward the discovery of the unity of all rites. The French critic believes that Sir James Frazer in *The Golden Bough* conceals the basic impulse toward violence within the rite of sacrifice. Although he spends considerable time in redefining such terms as "divinity," "ritual," "religion," "sacrificial crises," "surrogate victim," the basic purpose of his study is to understand the role played by violence in human society. He is impeded in his search and in his research because, as he himself acknowledges, there is no true science of religion and no true science of culture.

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tic situations in Greek tragedies. Although Professor Girard does not accept the ritualistic interpretation of tragedy, as proposed by the group of scholars he calls the Cambridge ritualists, he does look upon ritual as the origin of myth and gods and tragedy. He believes that the original event that led to rite was murder, and the objective of ritual is to keep violence outside of the community. The *pharmakos* is the victim who is polluted and who has to be killed. But the *pharmakos* is both insulted and venerated. And the *pharmakos* is both poison and antidote.

In reassessing Greek tragedy in its origins and in its form, Professor Girard's book seems to me extremely important. It will be read in its relationship with other theories, those of Plato, Aristotle, Nietzsche, Caillois, Malinowski, etc. He stresses, as other theorists do not, his observation that all tragic heroes assume the same roles, and that they manifest an alternation of moods and roles in their tragic relationships. Oedipus illustrates anger and serenity, exile and kingship. The antagonists in Oedipus Rex all seem alike: Oedipus, Creon, Tiresias. All see themselves as capable of banishing the plague.

Whereas Freud made the Oedipus myth into the universal model for the human psyche, and the patricide-incest theme into the glory of psychoanalysis, René Girard derives from it the concept of mimetic rivalry. Freud, in his endless struggle to resolve the problem of desire, has not provided, according to Girard, a fully articulated system. At several points in *Violence and the Sacred*, Girard points out what he considers the inadequacies of the Freudian system and its interpretation in the writings of Jacques Lacan. Even in the chapter on *Totem and Taboo*, in which he is more favorable to Freud, he states that psychoanalytic thought has never come to grips with Sophocles.

This critic is hard on psychoanalysis and Freud (except for *Totem and Taboo*). "Psychoanalysis," he writes, "is everywhere and nowhere." The Oedipus complex he names "the most burdensome of all mythologies." The writing of Girard is provocative, and at times, startling, but to each of his revolutionary ideas he brings an arsenal of justifications worthy of being considered by every reader concerned with the meaning of violence and the sacred in their literary, societal and religious manifestations.

The scope of the book is tremendous, but it is unified by the ever-present search for an understanding of violence as it appears in myth and ritual, in Greek tragedy, in any sacrifice that restores order to society, in the lynchings and pogroms of modern states, and in the technological weaponry of today.

At one point in his second chapter, Girard says that the Old Testament is rooted in sacrificial crises. Many of his readers will hope that he continue this exploratory work in a future volume that will take into account the words of the Jewish prophets and the meaning of sacrifice as interpreted by Christian thinkers. For that work, we hope he will find as admirable a translator as he did find in Patrick Gregory for *Violence and the Sacred*.

God, Church, and Flag

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and the Catholic Church, 1950–1957

by Donald F. Crosby, S.J.

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IN BRIEF

THE NEW HOOKED ON BOOKS, *by Daniel Fader with James Duggins, Tom Finn and Elton McNeil, Berkeley, $8.95.* [321 pp]

Daniel Webster has prefixed some valuable chapters to his slightly altered original text of *Hooked on Books* and McNeil's reshaped research section on the program's results, and he has appended to these some less valuable chapters by Duggins and Finn, their revised list of books to use as hooks, and a last interesting chapter of his own on professional teachers' insularity from self-criticism.

That last is fitting, since a little over ten years ago *Hooked on Books* itself began at Maxey Boys Training School in Michigan as a program implicitly critical of the way literacy had been untaught to students derailed in one way or another from the more "gifted" tracks in our schools. Fader's first three chapters assess conditions nationwide in the teaching of reading and writing (nationwide now also the scope of Hooked on Books programs), offer a student grouping model the reverse of ability grouping, and reiterate the *Hooked* principles of *saturation* and *diffusion*. These rest on Fader's belief that education depends upon "belief in the future" and "knowledge of the past," the latter of which "is

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still largely available only to the skills of literacy." Further: "students who learn to associate both pleasure and necessity with acts of literacy will learn to read and write." So Fader saturated the Boys School curriculum with paperbacks, magazines and newspapers, and diffused the responsibility for requiring and teaching functional literacy through faculty in every subject.

It's good to be reminded, via the middle sections of this edition, of *Hooked on Books*' success. In the midst, today, of a bogus "basics" crisis, Fader does bring us back to the basics of language:

> When the goal of the English class is redefined in terms of rhetorical ease and willing expression, the ancient methods of schools become as irrelevant to the subjects as they have generally been to the students. Ease in understanding newspapers and pleasure in reading magazines cause both to replace the grammar texts and workbooks of time-dishonored usage.

Finn's and Duggins's attempts to provide the settings and props of current Hooked programs suffer some from the perfunctory rhetoric of enthusiasm, the urge to programmatic conversion, typical of so many testimonials in popular educational journals. And, even after being re-*Hooked* by Fader's new edition, several questions linger: When in their courses, and how, can our schools help their students grow from saturation-diffusion literacy to an acquaintance with the qualities of books; for if the students don't, aren't they likely to acquire no more than an increase in the taste for pulp entertainment that Fader decries in our generation of TV-consumers? Why has this *Hooked* been packaged under a cover even more pallid and archly-posed than the previous edition's (mug shots on the back of mad scientists?), especially since Fader has always advocated using the covers of books as barbs on the hooks?

JOHN DRUSKA

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CRITICS

JACK MILES is a New York writer and editor.

MARK NAISON teaches Afro-American Studies at Fordham University.

VIVIAN MERCIER is professor of English at the University of California, Santa Barbara. His most recent book is *The Irish Comic Tradition* (Oxford/Galaxy).

NATHAN A. SCOTT, JR., is Commonwealth Professor of Religious Studies and Professor of English at the University of Virginia. His books include *The Poetry of Civic Virtue* and *The Wild Prayer of Longing.*

ROSEMARY H. BALSAM is a staff psychiatrist of the Yale Student Health Services in New Haven.

JOHN AHERN is a professor of Italian at Stanford University.

VICTOR FERKISS teaches in the Department of Government at Georgetown.

MICHAEL KAMMEN is Director of The Society for the Humanities at Cornell.

WALLACE FOWLIE is a professor of French at Duke. His latest book is *Journal of Rehearsal: A Memoir* (Duke).

JOHN DRUSKA is a writer currently teaching high school in Indianapolis.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 323)

Chesterton and to Canovan's presentation of him. On page 91, Canovan states: ". . . he emphasized the fascination and romance of machinery, and its potentiality for increasing the power and independence of men. His quarrel with the modern world was simply that machinery was being used not to free men but to imprison them, to make their lives less interesting and more circumscribed than before." Also, "Insofar as modern inventions could actually help men to be independent and self-sufficient, Chesterton welcomed them." I would suggest that Mr. Meyers read, for example, GKC's essays "The Telegraph Poles" (from *Alarms and Discussions*) and "About the Telephone" (from *As I Was Saying*).

Mr. Meyers notes correctly that

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Canovan points out certain "vices of populism" in Chesterton's writings (and he enumerates these in detail). But Meyers does not refer to the *rest* of Canovan's paragraph, which states:

> These defects of populism have often been pointed out. What is less frequently noticed, however, is that populism also has its characteristic virtues, and of these Chesterton's writings are a shining example. At the heart of these virtues is a respect for the humanity and dignity of ordinary, shabby, ignorant people, and a refusal to be impressed by the claims of wealth and cleverness. Coupled with this is a concern for those things that matter not to a few intellectuals but to the mass of the people, like a home and a family; also—linked to this concern—the cool evaluation of "progress" in terms of its impact on the common man, and the refusal to be stampeded by an elite who regard themselves as the vanguard of history. In defiance of values like these, Chesterton developed a political stance that was thoroughly radical while being utterly opposed to socialism. One of the subsidiary purposes of this book is to stress the obvious but often forgotten truth that radicalism need not mean socialism, and that a disbelief in Marxism need not imply acceptance of social injustice. (pp. 9-10)

Also, Mr. Meyers stated that Canovan is "forced to concede" that Chesterton's ideas are "simplistic and incoherent, vitiated by silliness and prejudice, and conveyed through . . . resounding banalities." These are simply lies. Dr. Canovan makes no such "concessions" anywhere in the book; they are the inventions of Mr. Meyers.

Actually, Margaret Canovan's book is an incisive, well-reasoned, and positive analysis of Chesterton's unique writings in the social, economic, and political areas, and she shows how his thinking was derived from his strongly held religious beliefs. Social policy in England at the turn of the century was determined largely by aristocrats of the right or of the left. As Canovan states:

> To a modern reader, the most conspicuous feature of Edwardian discussions on social policy is the assumed gulf between rich and poor. The working classes were a problem, an object of pity or of legislation; but it occurred to scarcely any of the reformers to regard them as people . . . The tone is that of organized compassion for an inferior race of beings. (p. 45)
>
> . . . at the same time that he fought against social injustice, Chesterton also denounced the social reforms by which the upper classes were imposing restrictions and regulations on the lower that they would never have accepted for themselves. (p. 47)

In the last paragraph of her book, Dr. Canovan again defends GKC's populism:

> Populism is not in fact any more incoherent than other more academically respectable political ideologies; it has simply been more neglected and less influential. This neglect is unfortunate, because populist traditions enshrine human values that other ideologies have tended to neglect—values that could profitably be brought to bear on the making of political decisions. Few have articulated those values more clearly and persuasively than G. K. Chesterton. (p. 153)

Mr. Meyers states that "Many of the issues he wrote about . . . are now dead," and he uses such words as unrealistic, ineffective, and impractical. This is simply untrue, if one considers the growth of the Chesterton Society throughout the world, with active chapters from France to Japan, the widespread influence of the scholarly *Chesterton Review*, the several new Catholic colleges in the United States with a distinctly orthodox Chestertonian orientation, and the growing popularity of GKC's economic and social ideas in the "small is beautiful" movement. In fact, Dr. Canovan brings out clearly GKC's relevance to our times:

> Besides the innumerable attempts at agrarian communes . . ., increasing numbers of people are emulating the Distributists in trying to make themselves self-sufficient on small plots of land. The trend is typified in Britain by the periodical *Resurgence*, . . . which advocates smaller political, economic, and social units; conservation instead of pollution; small holdings, intensively cultivated, instead of large-scale farming run

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as a business enterprise; intermediate technology to help small farmers and craftsmen, instead of industry to throw them out of work; sympathy with the peasants of the Third World rather than with its modernizing elites. (p. 149)

Also, the growth of interest in Chesterton is shown by the fact that, from 1970 to 1977, there were published twelve books about him and three anthologies of his works, as well as a republication of two of GKC's books and a new volume of his hitherto uncollected essays.

Dr. Canovan gives a summary of Chesterton's importance on her page 79:

> . . . Chesterton's writings did answer a need, and articulate important and neglected human feelings. His defense of equality and human dignity, of home and family, of property and privacy, was important in his own time, and continues to be so now, because it gave articulate form and intellectual respectability to values that correspond to widespread human sentiments, but that were in danger of being submerged beneath the tide of educated opinion.

In addition, I would add that Chesterton can be an important inspiration for us today, considering his exuberant zeal for the truths of the Faith; his vigorous opposition to self-centered and prideful attitudes; his profound and astonished wonder at God's creation; his prophetic and practical metaphysical insight; his opposition to political or economic tyranny; his great concern for the poor; his lifelong defense of the sanctity of marriage; and his personal qualities of humility and universal friendliness.

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

So Mr. Meyers's article is not only totally false and misleading as a book review, but is also a shameful attack on one of the greatest Christian writers of this century.

ROBERT KNILLE
Eastern U.S. Secretary,
The Chesterton Society

Reply

Mr. Knille is guided more by fanatical loyalty than by critical judgment. The essence of his objection is my statement that Dr. Canovan is "forced to concede" that Chesterton's ideas are "simplistic and incoherent, vitiated by silliness and prejudice, and conveyed through resounding banalities." He heatedly asserts that these are lies and my own inventions. Several brief quotations from Dr. Canovan's book will, I think, refute Mr. Knille's libel:

a. simplistic: Chesterton has "the outsider's ignorance of the complexities of politics" (p. 9)

b. incoherent: "populism as an ideology is incoherent" (p. 153)

c. silliness: "the absurdity of his dreams of a land of free peasants" (p. 87)

d. prejudice: his "distrust of foreigners" (p. 152) and his "attraction to conspiracy theories, putting all the blame for modern evils on a ring of international plutocrats" (p. 9) and his "cheap jokes about pawnbroker's noses and sinister figures of Jewish plutocrats" (p. 139)

e. resounding banalities, as quoted in my review: "There are only three things in the world that women do not understand; and they are Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" (p. 52). This is yet another example of his simplistic thought, his silliness and his prejudice.

I note with interest that Mr. Knille, blind to his hero's weaknesses, makes no attempt to defend his fascism and anti-Semitism. My review, by contrast, criticized Chesterton's faults, praised his personal qualities, literary studies and detective stories, and ended positively.

One sentence, in the middle of the second paragraph of my review, was incorrectly printed and nearly unintelligible. It should read: "It would have been profitable to explore the significant influence of *The Man Who Was Thursday* (1908) on *1984*, though Orwell, in "The Road to Wigan Pier Diary," criticized the naively idealistic Chesterton . . ."

JEFFREY MEYERS
English Department
University of Colorado

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